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THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.



CAMP OF GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS, UPON THE HEIGHTS OF SEBASTOPOL.—(SEE CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER, PAGE 487.)



CAMP OF THE SIEGE TRAIN (GENERAL SIR J. BURGoyNE), AT SEBASTOPOL.—(SEE PAGE 487.)



## HOW THE RUSSIANS OBTAINED POSSESSION OF THE CRIMEA.

At the present moment, when public attention is so much engrossed by events in the Crimea, and which promise to destroy for ever the influence of Russia in the Black Sea, it may be interesting to present our readers with a brief account of the manner in which the Russians obtained possession of that country. We shall endeavour to display, in their true colours, the various schemes of diplomatic intrigue and war-like daring resorted to by the several Czars and Czarinas, from Peter the Great down to Catherine II., projects which, in due time, ended in the annexation of the Crimea to the Russian Empire.

The first attempts of Russia to obtain possession of the Crimea date as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century; but it was not until the year 1689 that the first Russian invasion took place, when a formidable army, headed by Peter the Great in person, suddenly appeared in the vicinity of Perekop, then called Orkapi. At first it seemed as if the invaders would become masters of the peninsula without a struggle; but the brave Khan Selym roused his followers, met the foe, and drove them out of his territory.

This defeat, which cost the Czar nearly 60,000 of his best troops, seems to have inspired him with wholesome respect for the people whom he had hitherto despised; for it was five years before he again ventured to show his face upon the Turkish frontier. In the middle of the year 1696 he made a fresh incursion, and succeeded, after an obstinate struggle, in carrying by siege the important towns of Azoph and Taganrog. It was at this time that the Czar appears to have first conceived the idea of obtaining the command of the Black Sea. The prospect thus suddenly opened to his far-sighted ambition was of a nature to console him for many previous losses, and encourage him to persevere in his policy of aggression, even through defeat and shame. Shortly after the taking of Azoph and Taganrog, he issued a ukase, enjoining his people to grant him pecuniary aid in the "holy and glorious" attack he was about to make on an unoffending people. Persuaded by the eloquent appeals he made to their religious sympathies and to their national pride, the nobles, merchants, and priests poured immense sums of money into his treasury; so that, what with voluntary contributions, taxes, and extortions, he was soon enabled to raise a formidable army. But the great master-spirit that was to direct this expedition was not there in person to lead his troops to victory. The order that was to let loose upon the world these wild legions, came from an humble ship-carpenter's yard, in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam. The Russian army, obedient to the voice of the Imperial shipwright, marched towards the Crimea, and took easy possession of the important fortress of Perekop.

On returning from his travels in search of instruction in the arts of civilisation, Peter the Great employed himself in building fleets, reinforcing his armies, and strengthening his frontier forts. Turkey, alarmed at these warlike preparations, demanded explanation; but the Czar replied that he was the master in his own country, and could do whatever he pleased, without asking the permission of the Sultan. This insolent retort was not likely—nor was it intended—to appease the already exploding anger of the Turks. The remembrance of the affair of Azoph was still a sore point with them; and the natural desire of regaining what had been so nefariously wrested from their grasp led to a declaration of war by the Ottoman Porte, and a simultaneous incursion into the Russian territory by the Khan Dewlet. The Czar, in this extremity, repaired in haste to Moscow, there to concert measures for a grand, and, as he hoped, final campaign against Turkey. Admiral Apraxin was dispatched to Azoph, to take command by sea and land; while the Czar hastened to the Pruth to the assistance of Marshal Cheremetieff, who was threatened by an army of a hundred thousand Turks headed by the Vizier Baltigi. It was well for Peter that he allowed his warlike spouse, Catherine I., to accompany him, for, as we shall see anon, she was the saviour of the expedition. She is said to have taken her post at the head of the army, mounted and accoutred *en Amazone*. When the Czar arrived at Yassi he was overtaken by bad news. The Hospodar of Wallachia, on whom he had depended for supplies, had secretly gone over to the side of the Turks. A long-expected supply of provisions was not forthcoming; a plague broke out suddenly among the troops; clouds of mosquitoes laid waste the fields, and the scorching sun dried up the small streams. Peter at once perceived that his only safety lay in keeping the river between him and the enemy, and acted accordingly. But it was too late; the Turks had already effected a landing. The Russian guards, whom he had dispatched to prevent the passage of the Pruth, returned in haste to the camp, the foe in hot pursuit. The two armies now stood in close proximity to each other. The condition of the Russian troops was most dispiriting. Hunger and thirst were making sad havoc in their ranks. Few had the courage to brave the fire of the Turkish musketry stationed on the opposite side of the river, so that hundreds perished of thirst, though water sufficient to drown a city was flowing within sight. Aware of the terrible position in which he stood, Peter retreated during the night, hoping that his disappearance might escape unnoticed until the morning. But the Turks were on the alert, and cut off all his means of retreat, besides slaughtering the greater portion of his rear guard. On the 20th of July the two armies met in a pitched battle, in which the Turks were victorious. We have few particulars of this important event, except that the conquerors lost 7000 men. The losses sustained by the Russians during this fatal campaign were estimated by Peter the Great himself, in his private dispatches, at 16,240 men.

On the night after the battle Peter retired to his tent, giving special orders to his guards that no one should, on any pretence, be allowed to break in upon his solitude. What took place in that silent chamber during that eventful night is unknown; but it is said that when the Czar retired, his lips quivered and his knees knocked together like those of a man under the influence of some violent passion. Some even declared that they saw tears in the great man's eyes. Catherine, overcome by these manifestations, and by the discouraging effects they had upon the soldiers, stole gently into his tent unobserved by the sentinels. Peter did not chide her for disobeying his orders. First she soothed the drooping spirit of the man; then roused the ambition of the King. She then revealed to him certain plans she had formed, by which the shedding of more blood might be spared, and to which the Czar is described to have lent a "greedy ear."

On the following day the Empress put her plan into execution. She stripped herself of her jewellery and furs, and sent them as presents to the Grand Vizier, together with a sum of money to be distributed among the Kiaia (or Council). The letter which accompanied these gifts is one of the most obsequious that has ever been tendered to a conqueror, and was treasured by the Turks as the proudest trophy of this glorious day. It was couched in the following terms, and addressed to the Grand Vizier:—"If I have had the misfortune to displease your Highness, I am ready to remove the causes of complaint that you may have against me. But I conjure you, most noble General, to prevent the shedding of more blood; and do exhort you to give orders for the immediate cessation of the excessive fire of your artillery. Receive the hostages that I herewith send to you, &c." M. Voltaire in his splendid but partial history of Peter the Great, attempts to refute the idea of this undignified letter having been the composition of the great man, whom he has exalted into a hero of romance. But his refutation is timid and qualified, and the arguments which he brings forward are too weak to shake the strongly-established fact from its place in history. In less than twelve hours

after the dispatch of this letter, the Grand Vizier gave orders for the suspension of hostilities. The Russian camp was filled with rejoicing at the glad tidings; crowds rushed to the river side to drink the dirty water, and hungry soldiers went to the enemy's camp to beg for bread. Among the conditions of peace required by the Grand Vizier, were the immediate withdrawal of the Russian forces; the evacuation of Azoph and the surrounding territory; and the destruction of Taganrog, Samarcia, and other forts. This famous treaty was signed at the village of Falken, on the banks of the Pruth, in the year 1711, and is known under the name of the treaty of the Pruth.

Twenty years after this event, the Russians, violating the peace they themselves had sought, ravaged the city of Azov. They then marched into the Crimea, and held it by force of arms for nearly three months, when they were compelled once more to retire to their own dominions. It now became evident to the Porte that Russia was determined on the conquest of the Crimea, and that it were best to keep itself prepared against the contingency of a fresh invasion. On the following year, accordingly, when the Russians again sallied forth upon the ill-fated peninsula, a Turkish force was prepared to give them battle. For a time, fortune seemed to favour the invaders; winter, one of the most formidable auxiliaries of the Muscovite army, having made dreadful havoc among the Turks. But when the marauders, by the departure of winter, were left to their own resources, they were signally if not ignominiously defeated. So long a time elapsed before the plunderers again ventured to lay hands upon the property they so much coveted, that it was thought the idea had been relinquished. But in 1758 the Russian plague of invasion again broke out in the Crimea, already distracted by pestilence of another kind.

Catherine II., commonly called Catherine the Great, who succeeded to the throne of Russia in 1762, pursued with zeal the aggressive policy of Peter I., and set about extending the limits of her empire in every possible direction and on every possible pretext. Some of her battles were fought with the sword in the open field; but most of her conquests were brought about by secret intrigue. Catherine's power of diplomacy was more than talent in her, it was absolute genius. Her ambition was large enough to grasp the whole world, and she had a tongue, to borrow the words of Shakespeare, "that could wheedle the very devil." She was rapacious, cruel, fickle, selfish, and unchaste; but she was patriotic, subtle, far-seeing, courageous, and persevering. She never failed in anything she undertook, whether for good or for evil. The most complete success crowned her every effort; and if she was not a perfect woman or a perfect lady, she was "every inch a Queen." Having succeeded in the year 1770 in causing the Porte to declare war upon her and in making herself appear the injured party, the Empress Catherine dispatched Count Romanzoff to the Crimea at the head of a large army. The campaign was opened by an attack on Bender; but the besiegers, after an obstinate engagement and much bloodshed, were compelled to relinquish it. Encouraged by this success, 80,000 Tartars, headed by Kaplan Khan, sallied forth to meet the invaders. The Tartar chief encamped on an elevated ridge on the banks of the Pruth, and Romanzoff on a hill opposite. The battle continued for nearly a month with equal success on both sides, when the Russian General becoming impatient, made a movement of retreat, which might have been intended as a snare. However that may be, it proved fatal to the cause of Turkey; the Tartars, heedless of discipline and of the commands of their officers, rushed pell-mell after the retreating battalions, who, turning sharply round, drove their pursuers back to their intrenchments, seizing their baggage and cannon, and massacring numbers of them without mercy. But it was now the turn of Romanzoff to receive a check at a moment when victory seemed inevitable. A hundred and fifty thousand men, headed by the Grand Vizier, suddenly appeared on the field. But the confusion of the Russians subsided when they perceived that they were still twice as numerous as the enemy. It was in vain the Turks fought. Military tactics were of no avail to an army overwhelmed by numbers. Courage and good discipline at last gave way to rude brute force; and the Russians remained masters of the field. The loss sustained by the Turks on this bloody day has been estimated at no less than 50,000 killed and wounded; the greater part of their baggage and munitions, together with 300 pieces of cannon, and 7000 provision vans falling into the hands of the conquerors.

This victory was followed by the taking of the towns of Ismailoff, Bender, and Ackermann. But the grand object for which the Empress struggled was the Crimea; and this was still in the hands of the Tartars, and under the suzerainty of Turkey. In order to bring about the conquest of this country, she announced her determination to punish the Khan for his "impertinence," as she termed it, in interfering with her disputes. She thereupon, in the year 1772, sent agents into the Crimea for the purpose of inciting the people to rebellion. This done, she dispatched Prince Dolgorouky to Perekop at the head of a large army. The sword completed what treachery and intrigue had begun. The 50,000 Tartars who defended the frontier were completely routed, and Dolgorouky marched triumphantly into the Crimea, receiving in acknowledgment of his services, the significant surname of Krimsky from his Imperial mistress.

Shortly after this event an armistice was concluded between Russia and Turkey, and a Congress was arranged to take place at Fokhiani. Gifts and friendly greetings were interchanged, and all things promised a speedy termination of the Crimean disputes. But the demands of the Empress were too exorbitant, and the plenipotentiaries separated in high displeasure. On the completion, therefore, of the term of armistice the two Powers recommenced hostilities. But the Empress had all this while been playing two games. She had been secretly endeavouring to win the Khan of the Crimea over to her cause, and had persuaded him to declare himself independent of the Porte, and subject alone to the suzerainty of her gracious Majesty the Empress of all the Russias. Indignant at the treachery of the Khan, and the duplicity of Catherine, the Turks continued to harass the Russian forces for a space of nearly two years, when the famous Treaty of Kainardji was signed, by which Russia obtained the right of free navigation in the Turkish waters. The returns for which Turkey stipulated were, that no more than one Russian vessel should be allowed to anchor in the Ottoman waters at the same time; and that the Empress should relinquish all the conquests she had made by the late wars, with the exception only of Azoph, Taganrog, and another frontier fort. But the declaration of the independence of the Crimea was the clause which, more than all others, affected the interest of the Sultan, and which recompensed the ambitious Catherine for the relinquishment of her dearly-purchased conquests. This famous treaty was signed on the 25th July, 1774.

The conquests of Prince Dolgorouky had disposed of a great number of the inhabitants of the Crimea to favour the pretensions of the Czarina, and to revolt against their new Khan, Dewlet III., who remained faithful to the Porte. The Empress, like an intelligent farmer that knows the nature of his soil, and what crops will best suit it, scattered gold and jewels throughout the country; which, taking root as she had expected, yielded to her an abundant harvest of revolt. When she had given her plots time to ripen, she sent an army of a hundred thousand men to Perekop, which soon succeeded in laying waste and subduing the whole peninsula. As a first proof of her supremacy, the Empress deposed the Khan elected by the Sultan, and placed in his stead a distant son of the Gherai family, and a minion of the Czarina's, named Sahim. To this assault on its independence the Porte refused to submit, and upholding the deposed ruler, who had fled to Constantinople for protection, solemnly declared the instalment of the new Khan to be illegal. But Sahim-Gherai was the virtual master of the Crimea, and all the remonstrances of the Porte were of no avail. Counselling by Russian agents, he sent a deputation of six myrza or nobles to St. Petersburg, requesting the Empress to take the country under her protection. Catherine treated the envoys with the most flattering cordiality, and having enriched them with magnificent safetans (each of which is said to have cost upwards of 4000 roubles), allowed them to depart to their master with assurances of her protection. Marshal Romanzoff had in the meanwhile assembled a numerous army on the banks of the Dniester; and the Porte saw with dismay that an open rupture with Russia was inevitable. But the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, who had received special instructions to calm the apprehensions of the Sultan by gifts and words of friendship, had placed Turkey in such a dilemma that she scarcely knew her friends from her enemies; so that when the critical moment came, Turkey remained perplexed and undecided.

The Empress, who desired to give the whole of the Crimea to her protégé, in order that she might have the greater facility in despoiling it, furnished him with a guard of Russian soldiers. This guard is said to have been sent to the Crimea for the express purpose of being slaughtered, so that the Empress might, under the pretence of avenging their deaths, have a pretext for invading the peninsula. Things happened exactly as she had arranged; no sooner did the Guards arrive, than the Tartars fell upon and slew them. The Empress thereupon sent a fresh expedition to the Crimea, under the com-

mand of Prince Prozoroffsky, who put to flight the enemies of Sahim. The Russian Minister at Constantinople used all his diplomatic skill to induce the Sultan to recognise the authority of the Empress's protégé, but in vain. The Porte, faithful to its engagements, faithful above all to its honour and self-respect, persisted in maintaining Selim. The Empress then formally announced to the Porte that the Crime had placed itself under her protection, and that sooner than abandon its injured Khan Sahim, she would declare war—an alternative for which the Turks expressed themselves prepared. But at length, in 1779 a new treaty was signed between the two Powers, by which Russia bound herself to evacuate the Crimea, and Turkey to acknowledge its independence. This consummation appeared to Catherine so satisfactory, and was so much in accordance with the plans she had already formed, that she sent splendid gifts to the Sultan, as well as to her Ambassador at Constantinople. She also presented the Sultana with a magnificent casket, containing 300,000 roubles worth of jewels.

Affairs in the Crimea were now fast drawing to a climax. The Khan was completely in the power of the Empress. The weak-minded Tartar was far from suspecting that he was merely an instrument in the hands of an intriguing woman; nor was he aware that the she-wolf to whose protection he had fled, only loaded him with caresses previous to destroying him. Forgetful alike of his independence and of his dignity, he requested of the Empress a title and position in the Russian army. The Empress named him Commander of the Preobagnisky Guards, and sent him forth with the uniform thereof, and a cordon of the order of St. Anne. Her agents were, in the meantime, dining this and other unpatriotic acts into the ears of the poor Khan's people. Money, presents, and slander, noiselessly weaned from him not only his subjects at large, but his most intimate friends and dearest relations. Even his brothers turned against him, and forced him, with his adherents, to take refuge in Taganrog. Thereupon a Russian army, headed by Potemkin, marched to his assistance. The Khan returned to his capital, assembled his chiefs, and asked them to choose between him and his brothers; declaring, at the same time, that he would abide by their decision. The assembled chiefs, overcome by the magnanimous words of their Sovereign, prostrated themselves at his feet, crying, with one voice, "Sahim Gherai our only Khan!" A wise thwarted by this awkward turn of affairs, the Empress dispatched a courier to her Minister at Constantinople, enjoining him to extend the demands already agreed to by former treaties, and to endeavour to impose upon the Sultan the necessity of his remaining neutral in case of a disturbance in the Crimea. Highly indignant at the insinuations of Russia, the Porte sent a Pacha to the Island of Taman, with orders to take possession of it, in the name of the Sultan; whereupon Sahim, instigated by Catherine, dispatched an envoy to the Turkish officer, commanding him to withdraw. But instead of obeying or returning an answer to these insolent summons, the Pacha had the envoy publicly executed. The news of this bloody deed filled the Empress with delight. She felt that the time was at length come for which she had waited so long and toiled so patiently. The old Jewish maxim, "Blood for blood," had ever received ready response in the heart of this merciless woman. "We must revenge the death of this innocent man," said the pious Catherine; and thereupon she laid the country waste, spread desolation in its peaceful fields and homesteads, and forced the Imams and other Tartar chiefs to take the oath of allegiance to her on pain of death.

The first and last clauses of the manifesto published by Catherine at this time, in extenuation of her perfidious conduct, are highly characteristic. "Our last war against the Ottoman Empire having been blessed with entire success, we certainly had the right to annex the Crimea to our Empire. Nevertheless we did not hesitate to sacrifice both this and other conquests, in our ardent desire to secure the public tranquillity, and to establish a friendly feeling between our Court and that of Turkey. This was the motive which induced us to stipulate for the liberty and independence of the Tartars, whom our arms had already vanquished, hoping by this means to remove for ever all cause of dissension or of coldness between Russia and Turkey. . . . Animated by a sincere desire to confirm and maintain the peace concluded by treaty with the Porte, we believe that we are justified in putting a stop to the troubles in the Crimea. We, therefore, do annex to our Empire the peninsula of the Crimea aforesaid, the Isle of Taman, and the whole of Kuban; which is but a just indemnity for the losses that we have sustained, and the trouble that we have been put to in our struggles to maintain peace and happiness."

On the 27th June, 1783, Potemkin, at the head of an army of 70,000 men, marched to the frontiers of the Crimea; another General named Repnin, following in his rear, with an army of 40,000 men; while a third army, under the command of Marshal Romanzoff, lay encamped at Kioff. The Black Sea fleet was at the same time put in readiness for immediate action, while that of the Baltic only waited the signal to pass into the Mediterranean Sea. It was in vain the English Ambassador advised the Porte to take up arms. Negotiation was preferred to a declaration of war; words were preferred to cannon-balls. A new treaty was forthwith signed, by which the Empress became Sovereign of the Crimea, the Isle of Taman, and a portion of Kuban. Thus did Catherine (1784) conquer, without a blow, a vast territory, which gave her the command of an immense inland sea, and upwards of 1,500,000 additional subjects. The next step taken by the politic Catherine was to retain what she had conquered; and this task she performed in a manner that was worthy of her former feats. None but a Russian would ever have dreamt of such an expedient as that to which this remorseless woman resorted. Fearing that the independent and liberal-minded people whom she had conquered would not long submit to her hard yoke, she transported them to Siberia, to the number of 75,000, and intermixed with the remaining population a number of her own serfs, whose abject state of subservience might, she hoped, set them a wholesome example.

One of the most important events in connection with the conquest of the Crimea was the triumphal entry of Catherine into that country. It had long been her ambition to make such an expedition, partly for the purpose of sowing dissensions, and partly, it is said, for the purpose of conducting her grandson, Constantine, to the gates of the vast empire which she intended to bequeath to him. On the 18th of June, 1787, she set out from St. Petersburg, accompanied by her ladies and favourites, and the Ambassadors of England, France, and Austria; but without her grandson, who, much to her chagrin, was taken suddenly ill with measles, just as the expedition was on the point of starting. The Imperial procession travelled day and night, without cessation; a great number of horses being posted at each station, in order that no time might be lost. Fires were lighted along the road, at equal distances, and immense crowds were gathered in different parts to witness the spectacle, and to congratulate their Sovereign on her new acquisitions. Arrived at the Dnieper, she found fifty magnificent galleys in waiting, to convey her down the river. At Kanief she was visited by the King of Poland; and a. Krementschouk an army of 12,000 men brilliantly accoutred, enacted her wars with the Turks in divers manoeuvres. The borders of the Dnieper were covered with fictitious villages, elegantly-dressed peasants and numerous flocks and herds, all in the most flourishing condition. So that what with the natural beauty of the season, and the magical effects of the artist, this barren, ugly region, had all the appearance of a delicious, richly-peopled country. At Kherson she was joined by the Emperor Joseph II. At Perekop she was welcomed by the principal Myrzas, whose troops made evolutions; a thousand Tartars, at the same time, surrounding the Imperial carriages, to escort them into the peninsula. This movement at first excited considerable alarm; but Potemkin restored tranquillity by assuring the Empress that the Tartars in question had been chosen by himself for the express purpose of acting as her escort into her newly-conquered province. The degrading insult to the Crimean Tartar race, couched under this obsequious homage, is but too apparent. Here were a thousand Tartars openly conducting a Russian Sovereign to the palace of their Khan. Not content with having bribed this people to betray their country and their King, the Russian intriguer must make them repeat the dastardly act for the amusement of the Empress! On the night of her arrival at Bagtcherai, the seat of the Khanship, a distant mountain was splendidly illuminated, to present the appearance of a volcano in eruption. Various other spectacles were also "got up" for her amusement, and the whole of her sojourn in the Crimea was rendered one succession of brilliant fêtes. On her return to St. Petersburg, the famous battle in which her great ancestor, Peter I., vanquished Charles XII. was enacted at Poltowa for her recreation; and several other flattering compliments were paid to her by her rejoicing people. The triumphal entrance of Catherine into the Crimea is one of the most splendid events in Russian history. Like many other conquerors, this able Sovereign perceived that one of the best means of securing the allegiance of the multitude was by dazzling their eyes. She therefore spared neither pains nor expense to render this spectacle a brilliant one. But her main object was, to reconnoitre her new province, to incense its inhabitants against the Porte, and so to interest the Emperor Joseph II. in her past schemes of aggrandisement as to make him an agent in her future intrigues.



## NOTES ON SIEGES AND SIEGE OPERATIONS, FROM THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF ARTILLERY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE all-engrossing interest attached to the present campaign in the Crimea now going forward, and the anxiety evinced by all classes of society to appreciate the object and significance of the military works now going forward there, induce us to consider that a few "Notes on Sieges and Siege Operations," in which their nature, progress, and purpose, shall be explained and illustrated by examples drawn from the page of history, may not be unwelcome to our readers. On a recent occasion (in No. 693 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS) we gave a popular account of Modern Fortification; we propose now to open our observations with a brief historical review of the changes in the practice of Siege Operations—both of attack and defence—which have taken place since the introduction of artillery; illustrating our observations with as many examples as our limited space will admit of.

### FIRST USE OF GUNPOWDER AND ARTILLERY.

Although the precise date of the invention of gunpowder, or rather of its first use in Europe, is still a moot question, it is generally fixed about the year 1320. But the first application of this new power was restricted to arms of small calibre; it does not appear to have been used for throwing balls or stones from cannon till some years later. Upon this point, however, there is also much conflicting testimony. Some writers date the first use of artillery between the years 1378-80, when we certainly hear of its being employed in the Italian wars. The Venetians are said to have used some weapons of the kind in their attack upon Guera Reduso, speaking of them, says:—"These are huge iron weapons, bored throughout their whole length, and having large mouths: within them is placed a round stone, upon a powder of sulphur, charcoal, and salt-petre; this powder is ignited at a hole, and the stone is discharged with such a violence that no wall can resist it." It may be observed that some of the earliest pieces appear to have been a species of mortar; indeed the above description, where the largeness of the mouth, and the placing of the ball "upon" the gunpowder, would apply to this kind of weapon, rather than to a cannon of the usual modern form.

Probably one reason why gunpowder was not earlier universally adopted as the motive agent in siege operations, was that the full extent of its power was not at first known, or that the tubes by which it should be brought into operation had not yet been made of the requisite size and strength to supersede the mechanical appliances already long in use. Indeed, the mechanical artillery of the ancients had been brought to a state of efficiency and strength which even at the present day, with our large experience of the stupendous effects of gunpowder, strikes one with surprise. The catapult of old is described by Polybius and others, as being capable of projecting stones of from 2 to 12 cwt., distances of from 200 to 800 yards; and these contrivances were much increased in strength by the moderns, more particularly in the Italian States. The Venetians, at the siege of Zara in 1343, employed *pierreres*, which threw masses of stone weighing upwards of 26 cwt. It is mentioned that Francesco del Barbo, the artificer of these terrible machines, himself fell a victim to their power by the accidental discharge of one of them, which launched him headlong against the walls which he was preparing to overwhelm.

By the end of the 14th century the power of artillery was pretty generally recognised; and by the middle of the fifteenth it began to play an important part in the struggles, and to exercise a corresponding influence on the destinies, of nations. It is remarkable that, although the secret of the composition of gunpowder was first known among the Christian nations of Europe, to whom it might have been of so much service in repelling the aggressions of the Turks, it was not long before it was betrayed to the latter, who made terrible use of it. Upon this point, Gibbon writes:—"The Genoese, who transported Amurath into Europe, must be accused as his preceptors; and it was probably by their hands that his cannon was cast and directed at the siege of Constantinople. The first attempt was, indeed, unsuccessful; but, in the general warfare of the age, the advantage was on their side who were most commonly the assailants; for a while, the proportion of the attack and defence was suspended; and this thundering artillery was pointed against the walls and towers which had been erected only to resist the less potent engines of antiquity. By the Venetians, the use of gunpowder was communicated, without reproach, to the Sultans of Egypt and Persia, their Allies against the Ottoman Power; the secret was soon propagated to the extremities of Asia; and the advantage of the European was confined to his easy victories over the savages of the New World." We quote the passage on account of the elegance of its style, as well as the suggestive incidents glanced at in it, being, indeed, those of a very critical period in history—the transition period, which marks the close of the middle and the dawning of the modern age. We may observe, however, that the influential part borne by gunpowder in bringing about the great changes then initiated—the civilisation of society, the consolidation of states, and the colonisation of the New World, should not be lightly underrated; and we are sorry to find the philosophic author of the "Decline and Fall" follow up the above sentences with remarks so ill-considered and so unjust as the following:—"If we contrast the rapid progress of this mischievous discovery with the slow and laborious advance of reason, science, and the arts of peace, a philosopher, according to his temper, will laugh or weep at the folly of mankind." So far from the imputation here intended being justified by the fact, it is now pretty generally admitted on all hands that gunpowder, more especially in its application to artillery, has had a direct influence in preventing wars, as well as in shortening them and mitigating their more terrible and cruel features, when they have occurred. These results have been owing to a variety of circumstances; but principally to the peculiar and overwhelming character of the power itself which may be brought to overthrow an enemy, or destroy a fortification at a considerable distance, without the necessity for the combatants to come into actual personal collision; the consequence of which is that whilst the result has been made more certain and conclusive, the rage and carnage incidental to close hand-to-hand encounter, have been to a great extent avoided. A further and very important consideration is that the substitution of an ideal power for mere personal strength and prowess, calls upon the moral rather than the physical attributes; and puts it in the power of a comparatively small armament, having sufficient material, by skillful dispositions, to maintain an equal combat against an enemy numerically its superior.

That the improved practice of warfare of modern times has tended considerably to mitigate the horrors and sacrifices of war, to diminish rather than increase the waste of human life, and of the products which support it, will appear from a consideration of the number of troops usually engaged in military operations in our times, as compared with the numbers formerly engaged, and the duration of the wars themselves. The expedition to the Crimea, which is now engrossing the attention of all Europe, has been spoken of very commonly as one of unparalleled magnitude. But such is not at all the fact. True, the distance of the expedition, and the time it has been performed in, considered together with the number of troops and the weight of material employed, make it without parallel in history; and justly entitle those who have conducted it to the admiration of the world. But the numerical force of the expedition—under 50,000 men—is not without precedent, under circumstances of similar requirement, even in comparatively recent periods; whilst, compared with the invading hosts of the Eastern nations, and the armies in the great German wars, five, four, and even two centuries ago, it would really appear inconsiderable.

Mahomet II. in his famous siege of Constantinople, in 1453, brought with him an army of 400,000; a similar number of troops also he employed against Belgrade, only two years afterwards, besides an immense flotilla on the Danube; and, strange as it may sound, this armament of almost inconceivable magnitude was discomfited, and in a great part destroyed, by the brave Hungarians under Huniades. The siege of Rhodes, in 1522, was undertaken with 200,000 men; that of Candia, cost the Turks upwards of 100,000 killed and wounded; at the battle of Mohawks, the Turks again brought 200,000 men, and were defeated; Vienna, 1529, and again in 1683, must have been assailed by forces equally, if not more numerous—the loss of the Turks on the former occasion having been upwards of 40,000 men, and in the latter the whole army having been put to the rout by the brave Sobieski. And even in much later times we find similarly stupendous armaments brought into the field to dispute the possession of individual cities. Not to name other cases—in 1717, Prince Eugene besieged the Turks in Belgrade with 150,000 men; and the Grand Vizier came to the rescue of his co-religionists, with an army of even greater number.

## MODERN FORTIFICATIONS.

### THE BASTION SYSTEM.—ITS WEAK POINTS.

Holding in view the somewhat detailed account which we have already given (No. 693 of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—July 15, 1854), on the subject of Modern Fortifications, it may be sufficient for our present purpose briefly to recapitulate the characteristic changes which it has been found necessary to make from time to time in works of defence to meet the gradually-developed resources of artillery and military strategy; taking them in the order of their coming.

The first necessary consequence of the introduction of cannon was the gradual abandonment of the ancient system of fortification. The extended curtain wall, lofty and machicolated, flanked with frowning towers, however imposing in appearance, and however well adapted to resist the battering-ram, the travelling *aggeres*, the flight of arrows, and the assault by scaling-ladders, might be easily breached by cannon fired from a distance far beyond the sphere of the old weapons of defence. The disadvantage in which the besieged were thus placed was in many instances aggravated by the fact that the latter were precluded by circumstances from availing themselves of the new weapon of defence to resist their assailants, or, at least, to anything like the same extent, or with the same success. This was owing to the form and structure of the ramparts themselves, which were neither strong enough to support the shock occasioned by the firing of heavy artillery, nor afforded space for the recoil of the latter on being fired; whilst the very height of the walls was unfavourable to the direction of the fire at the proper range for sweeping down the forces of an enemy.

The natural change was to lower the height of the rampart, and increase its thickness, and its breadth at top; and, furthermore, to conceal its wall-facing (*revetment*) by earthworks (the *glacis*), sloping gradually down to the level of the surrounding country. With these new conditions, it is reasonable to consider that the balance of attack and defence was at first in favour of the latter. The besiegers, who could not see the walls of the fortification, were forced to bring their guns to the top of the glacis, on the edge of the *counterscarp* before they could commence the fire by which they hoped to effect a breach in the scarp *revetment*; during all which process they were of necessity exposed to the fire of the garrison—whether from the rampart, or covered-way—or in flank, by sorties. To avert this evil, the besiegers then resorted to the process of cutting trenches in the surface of the soil, by which they became protected from the direct fire of the besieged in their progress to the point where the breaching fire was to commence.

The next important change on the part of the besieged was the introduction of the bastion system, by which the contour of the works became a compact and homogeneous entity: its parts mutually protecting one another—the flanks of the bastions covering the curtain, their faces commanding the glacis; and one or other commanding all parts of the main ditch which surrounded the *enceinte*; whilst the fire from the projecting ravelin swept the approaches to the bastions themselves.

Vauban was the great engineer who introduced, or at least perfected, this important system; which would seem to have given immense preponderance to the defence, and to have rendered it well nigh secure. Unfortunately, the hand which raised, itself destroyed the pleasing illusion. It was Vauban who discovered the damaging effect of the *ricochet* fire; which, playing along the line of defence, parallel with its face, quickly dislodged or silenced the guns of the besieged, and cleared the way for the advance of the breaching battery. Numberless contrivances were adopted, both by Vauban and other engineers, his successors, both to counteract the effect of the *ricochet* fire, and to protect the defence after the breaching of the outworks of a fortress. *Traverses* were put up on the *covered-way*, to stop the destructive career of the bounding ball; and retrenched works were added within the *enceinte*, to which the garrison could retreat, and from which they could resist the besiegers, after the latter had made themselves masters of the ramparts.

Still, however,—notwithstanding these contrivances; notwithstanding, also the addition of advanced and detached works outside the main work, to resist the besiegers in their first approaches, the arts of attack quickly gained upon those of the defence; and it came to be acknowledged that no system of defensive works which depended simply on engineering or skillful disposition of engineering works, could effectually resist a resolute enemy, adequately supplied with materials and resources. Upon this point, Straith in his able "Treatise on Fortification and Artillery," states:—

By combined direct, vertical, and enfilade fire, the guns in the faces of defensive works are, even when well traversed, liable to be silenced from a distance; for, in the attack, the besieger occupies the great arc of a circle, and the besieged a small arc within it; so that, as the former has a choice of position, he can align himself on the prolongations of the faces of the ravelins and bastions, where he can erect his enfilade batteries, and establish his direct and mortar batteries in situations best situated to assist them; so that the guns on the terre-plain of the defensive works are exposed to a combined fire which soon produces the effect of slackening their action.

Marshal Saxe,—even in his day, in his "Reveries and Memoires on the Art of War," speaks contemptuously of the newly-invented bastion system. "With regard to myself," he says, "though I am not so vain as to think I am possessed of any uncommon share of knowledge in the art, yet I am not to be imposed upon by the exalted names of Messrs. De Vauban and Coehorn, who have consumed immense sums in the fortifying of places without having made any addition to their strength; at least any that was material or proportioned to what might have been expected, as is evident in the circumstance of their being taken with so much ease and expedition." He speaks in favour of interior retrenched works, which permit of resistance by sheer close fighting after a fortification has been defeated on its scientific merits. "I have often reflected," he observes, "on the remarkable instance of a work that was taken and re-taken at the Siege of Candia thirty-six different times, and which cost the Turks above 25,000 men—a circumstance that has given me a great opinion of such whose construction will admit of their being attacked, and recovered after they are lost." After some further remarks upon this point, he adds, rather naively, "In short, I am disposed to think that the attack upon a fort constructed upon this principle would not a little diminish that rage for sieges which exists at present."

### THE CASEMATED SYSTEM.—ITS SUPPOSED SUPERIORITY, AND THE OBJECTIONS TO IT.

The last generic change in the principles of fortification, is the introduction of the casemated system of building, by which guns are placed in covered buildings, supposed to be of sufficient strength to resist direct fire from cannon and the explosion of shells. This system was partially applied in respect of retrenched works by Vauban; and his followers made still larger use of it—Montalembert and Carnot applying it even to the outworks themselves. By these means it was considered that the guns of the besieged being relieved from the damaging effect of the *ricochet* fire, might play at every required range upon the assailants, with such effect as successfully to keep them at bay. Furthermore, the garrison would enjoy protection when not on duty at the guns, and powder magazines, and other stores of *matériel*, be secure from harm.

The casemated system from the first had many opponents; but still even until our day, its merits have been problematical, the weight of authority (including that of the Duke of Wellington himself) being in its favour. In principle it was objected—1. That casemated batteries weaken the rampart under which they are constructed; and that, when their arches are destroyed, the whole mass sinks down, exposing the interior of the work. 2ndly. That, in firing, the interior, on account of deficient ventilation, soon becomes filled with smoke, forcing the persons to leave their guns at intervals between the firing, which is rendered slow in consequence. 3rdly. That the cheeks of these embrasures are liable to splinter with every shot of the enemy, to the great destruction of the men serving the guns.

With respect to the first of these objections, it would be groundless, supposing the intention proposed, that of making a fortification of strength sufficient to resist the action of shot and shell to be realised. In such a case, the fortification could only be reduced by blockade. How far expectations of this kind are disappointed in practice, however, has been signally shown in the case of Bomarsund, in whose casemated walls a breach was made after a few hours' cannonading from a single gun; and where a few broadsides from a ship of the line brought a solid wall down with a run. The second objection, of course, will depend to a great extent upon the economy of the internal arrangements; which we may suppose to be possibly be made such as to afford sufficient ventilation. In the case of Sebastopol, we have reason to believe it applies. But, in truth, the third objection is the most telling and serious of the whole, and would, of itself, be sufficient almost to counteract the proposed advantages of the casemated system. If, in addition to the telling fire of the *Minie* rifle, when it can be employed (as it was at Bomarsund), the besiegers' shot striking the cheeks of the embrasures, scatter splinters sufficient to destroy or maim the men working the guns, it is obvious that the latter are as effectually silenced as they are by the *ricochet*, under Vauban's system; and of the validity of this objection in

practice, there can be little question. It is a maxim in engineering that a work which commands a country must itself be commanded by it; and so it will always happen, with lofty casemated fortifications, that the besiegers will have an opportunity of planting their guns where they can bear upon the cheeks of the embrasures, without being subject to the fire of the casemated guns. A case in point is found in the attack and capture of the Castle of Soylla, in 1800, by the army under Sir John Stuart, in conjunction with Sir Sidney Smith in the *Pompee*, of eighty guns; thus described and remarked upon by Sir John Jones in his account of "Sieges:—"

On examining the interior of these casemates, whilst the terms of surrender were still copying out fair, and, consequently, before steps could be taken to clear or purify the castle, it was altogether surprising to observe the mischief that had been produced by shot which had deflected from the cheeks of the embrasures and entered the casemates. To judge from the indentations on the walls, and the marks of slaughter and destruction which everywhere presented themselves, a direct fire into a casemated embrasure of the usual construction, must render casemated batteries untenable; indeed, in this attack, the French loss was chiefly by shot which entered at the embrasures, and passed through the rear of the casemates.

And then he goes on to remark:—

Such batteries should, therefore, be confined to situations where the embrasures can only be seen in the direction in which the guns they shelter are pointed; or else the engineers ought to guard against this action of shot deflected from the cheeks, in the construction of the embrasures, which surely would not be difficult to accomplish when the fire of the batteries is, as in most works of defence, for a specific and limited object; or, perhaps, it might prove more effectual, and it might be accomplished in most situations, when direct fire only is required—such as on a causeway, the entry of a port, or a particular tongue of land—to cause the gun to fire through a second opening made in a screen in its front; and then no shot could, by any possibility, strike the embrasure, unless fired perpendicularly to the two openings.

### INVESTMENT AND ATTACK OF FORTIFICATIONS.

It would be impossible for a civilian to enter into and appreciate the many difficult considerations which the commander of a besieging army has to resolve in laying out his plan of attack. He has to determine whether to attempt taking the place by assault or *coup de main*; or by regular investment; and then whether by active siege operations or by the blockade. Having determined these questions, he has to direct the necessary field-works for the protection of his army against the enemy's forces, both those within the fortress and those beyond the lines of investment.

The case of Pampeluna, in 1813, is a remarkable instance of prudent decision on the part of the besiegers in substituting a blockade for ordinary siege operations. The latter had at first been contemplated—so much so that on the 1st of July, the Marquis of Wellington, attended by Sir Richard Fletcher, reconnoitred the place, with a view of giving the necessary orders for commencing operations. It was then, however, that, discovering the strength of the garrison (upwards of 4000 men, with 200 guns) and the limited resources of men and *matériel* which he could use for the purpose, he determined to substitute a close blockade for the siege; and most successful was the issue. A chain of nine field redoubts, made particularly strong in the profile, was quickly thrown up, on points from 1200 to 1500 yards from the fortress. These were garrisoned with from 200 to 300 men each; the rest of the blockading force being either placed under cover in the villages or bivouacking on favourable spots just within fire of the place; the whole, however, being in constant readiness for action in case of a sortie being attempted. In the middle of July Marshal Soult advanced with a strong force to the relief of the place; the British and Portuguese forces were concentrated on the Pyrenees to oppose him; and the blockade was entrusted to a Spanish army of 8000 or 9000 men. The redoubts were strengthened, and advanced posts placed along the roads of approach; and so vigilantly were these works guarded, that, during three months, although sometimes within sight of the force intended for their relief, not the slightest communication passed either way between the besieged and their friends. Sir John Jones refers to this achievement as "perhaps a solitary instance of the investment of a large place situated close to its own frontier having been so successfully maintained."

It will be seen that, in the field-works used on this occasion the Duke of Wellington departed from the method of continuous lines of circumvallation (sometimes with lines of countervallation), which was orthodox with the engineers of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. In this, however, he merely applied the same principle to works of attack which had already begun to be advocated with regard to works of defence, namely—of the superiority of strong detached works over continuous lines of works on the bastion system. This novelty of system the Great Commander applied generally, and with signal success, in his siege works on the Peninsula. The famous lines of Torres Vedras, constructed by English engineers, under the Duke of Wellington, in 1809-12, and intended both for the defence of the city of Lisbon from the threatened French invasion, and for the meditated retreat of the British army from Portugal; are a memorable example of strategical genius, and of the employment of a system of detached forts to an extent never previously attempted.

A striking illustration of the old system of investment, and upon an extensive scale, is afforded in the case of the siege of Belgrade by Prince Eugene in 1717. The town was completely surrounded by lines of circumvallation and countervallation, of so substantial a construction, that some remains of them are still to be seen. The Imperial forces amounted to 200,000 men; those of the besieged to 20,000 only. The attack was opened with vigour from all the batteries simultaneously, and the case of the Turks seemed to be hopeless. At this critical juncture a force of 150,000 Turks, commanded by the Grand Vizier, appeared upon the surrounding heights, coming to the rescue of the besieged city. Prince Eugene, like Caesar at the siege of Alesia, found himself besieged whilst besieging others; and so placed between two fires. But, like Caesar, he was equal to the occasion. In the night, in the midst of a vigorous bombardment of the town, carried on as a diversion, his well ordered troops, at a preconcerted signal, rushed upon the Vizier's forces in their intrenchments, and utterly routed them, with a loss of 18,000 killed and wounded; the loss on the Imperialist side being 8000. The next day the town surrendered.

Although approaches by means of trenches and fascines have been referred to in our previous article on Fortification as the earliest and most ordinary description of siege works, there are cases, as in rocky countries, where they would be impossible; and in these cases sand-bags are resorted to. Indeed, this would be the preferable method, but for the labour incurred in providing the bags, and bringing them ready filled to the scene of operations. When they are used, it is considered that they save both men and time—a single night sufficing for the construction of any battery which may be required. Major Straith mentions that at the siege of Gerona by the French, in July, 1809, during a night of rain, a battery for twenty guns was formed in eight hours upon a rocky ground, having a height of seven feet six inches, and a thickness of parapet of sixteen feet six inches; the embrasures being nineteen feet nine inches apart. Eighty thousand sand-bags had been filled beforehand, and arranged in five separate heaps of 16,000 each, placed in hollows screened from the view of the place; and 30,000 workmen were allotted to carry them to the spots where they were to be used. The operation commenced at nine o'clock in the evening, and at five the next morning, to the astonishment of the besieged, this battery of twenty guns opened fire upon them. In the siege of Constantine (also a rocky site), by the French, in 1837, batteries and saps were formed, it is said, of sand-bags, with even greater rapidity than could have been done by gabions and fascines. These facts are of importance at the present moment; the soil of the Crimea being of a rocky nature, unfavourable to trench-works, for which reason the Allied armies have taken with them a large supply of sand-bags, intended for siege operations.

(To be continued.)

WHY SO MANY RUSSIAN OFFICERS ARE KILLED.—From the fact of two Admirals or Admiral-Generals in command at Sebastopol having been killed, it has been generally inferred that the slaughter on the side of the Russians has been very great. The inference is a natural one; but those deaths do not imply the same amount of general destruction as in ordinary cases. The Russian soldiers, although stubborn fighters, are deficient in what the French call *elan*, and cannot, when the danger is great, be brought into action, unless their Commander-in-Chief be at their head, and he is, therefore, compelled to expose his person, where he can, except in the way of example, be of no more use than an inferior officer. This was the case at Silistria, where the discouraged troops could only be brought up to the walls with their Generals at their head; and the same thing has probably occurred in the defence of Sebastopol. When we hear, therefore, of the death of a Russian General-in-Chief, we are rather to infer that his troops were in a state of discouragement than that there had been the same amount of slaughter as there would be for a General-in-Chief of any other nation to become a victim.





BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.—GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS AND STAFF.

#### THE SEBASTOPOL BATTERIES FIRING AT AN AUSTRIAN VESSEL.

On the 14th ult. the Russians are said to have fired 1300 shots, and only wounded one man. On the 11th, they seem to have been equally unfortunate in their gunnery, if one may judge from the efforts they made without effect to hit the Austrian vessel which ran under their batteries on that day. The ship, which was laden with hay for the English army, on approaching the fleet, inadvertently got within range of the "Wasp" Battery; and when in this position the wind, which was on the shore, nearly failed her. The "Wasp" Battery immediately opened fire; upon which the master and crew, having lashed the helm, took to their boats.

Shortly afterwards the breeze freshened a little, and the deserted vessel, with all her sail set, passed slowly across the harbour of Sebastopol, within a thousand yards of the entrance. A tremendous fire was opened from the batteries on both sides, the shot and shell falling round her like a hailstorm. It was the wonder of all who witnessed the scene that she floated a minute under such a fire. The *Furious*, *Firebrand*, and *Mogador* were off the harbour; and the *Firebrand*, observing the vessel in distress, and also that the *Vladimir* had come out of the harbour, and was approaching the Austrian, as if with an intention of seizing her, immediately proceeded towards the spot—by her arrival taking off the fire of the *Vladimir*, and some part of that of the batteries. She for some time maintained this unequal contest, till, having been cut in the rigging,

and being struck by a 40-lb. shot on the deck just abaft the funnel—which passed through the Captain's galley, the deck, and the coal-bunkers, and, glancing off the top of the after-boiler, finally ricocheted into an oil-can, happily without injuring any one—Captain Stewart was reluctantly obliged to steam a little further out, as it would have been impossible to take the Austrian in tow without exposing the *Firebrand* to what, with moderate gunnery on the part of the enemy, would have been certain destruction. Meanwhile the ship sailed on as if bearing a charmed life, the sea around her ploughed into a foam by the shot, and actually ran into the little bay of Chersonesus grounding near some storehouses, and protected by the high land from the batteries. There she lay, with all her sails set, protected by the vicinity of the French



SEBASTOPOL BATTERIES FIRING AT AN AUSTRIAN VESSEL.





THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.—GORDON'S ATTACK WITH A LANCASTER GUN.

lines, till midnight; when Captain Stewart went up the creek in the *Beagle*, lashed her to the Austrian, and brought her out safely. A Russian steamer and some launches lay not far from the entrance, but did not attempt any opposition. It says very little for the gunnery of the enemy, if they really desired to hit the ship, that she was only struck about five times.

#### GENERAL CANROBERT AND HIS ESCORT.

WHILE riding alone in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, our Artist happened to meet General Canrobert and his escort of Chasseurs

d'Afrique, and he has forwarded a Sketch of the party, who appear to be galloping in the direction of the besieged town, in order to discover what the enemy is about. It will be seen from the French General's report of the first day's proceedings that he was then in good spirits, notwithstanding the untoward commencement, so far as the French batteries were concerned.

The following Order of the Day addressed to the Army of the East, by General Canrobert, on assuming the command-in-chief of the French troops, has recently appeared in the French papers:—

Soldiers of the Army of the East, my comrades,—The melancholy cir-

cumstances under which has fallen upon me the high honour of being your Commander-in-Chief would increase the weight of that task, if the co-operation of all were not assured to me in the name of the country and of the Emperor. Penetrated as I am with the grandeur of the historical mission which we accomplish on this distant land, you will each of you bring to it, each within your sphere, and with the most absolute devotedness, that active part which is indispensable to enable me to bring it to a successful termination. A few days more of sufferings and of trials, and you will have caused to fall at your feet the threatening bulwark of the vast empire which only a little time ago braved Europe. The successes which you have already gained are the guarantees for those which await you; but do not forget that the intrepid Marshal who was our General-in-Chief prepared them by his perseverance in organising the great operation which we execute, and by the brilliant victory of the Alma. CANROBERT.



THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.—GENERAL CANROBERT AND ESCORT.



# THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE AND THE NIGHT AFTER.

We lay—Blachford and I—rolled in our blankets, on the sloping ground just opposite our huts. The night was closing in, and above us the clouds were drifting heavily, and only here and there a star peeped out for a moment to be again and again overshadowed by the dusky curtain that passed before it.

Blachford was thoughtful; and I had repeated my question as to what had been doing while I was away, before he seemed suddenly to catch what I had said.

"There's something in the wind," he answered, "for we have had aides-de-camp and orderlies riding up here by the dozen. Have you heard anything at headquarters?"

"Not a word as to the when; but every one seems satisfied that we are to attack or be attacked before long—perhaps before many hours. Hark! what's that?"

We both listened attentively, and could distinctly hear the measured tread of a large body in our rear.

"It is a brigade of our troops," said Blachford, as we now discerned them coming along the valley just below us, and marching towards the right of our lines, "probably the Light Division," he added. This guess was confirmed by the Adjutant of one of the regiments, who rode up the hill, and recognising us, shouted out—

"Good luck to ye, boys! and more power to your elbows to-morrow!"

"Hy, what's up now?"

"Divil a bit know I, barring there came an aide-de-camp a while ago, and turned us out of our comfortable quarters down there over the bridge, among the frogs and fen fever; and brought us up here in a mighty big haste, that left to me small time to pack up my wardrobe and take an inventory of my furniture."

The wardrobe of Mike Donnelly, Adjutant of the —th, it was well known consisted of a razor, a piece of soap, and a cake of tobacco, all which he carried in his shako. Whether he had a relay of linen or not, I believe nobody ever knew; yet, withal, he was at all times scrupulously clean, and the whole army did not contain a more efficient officer (though he had risen from the ranks), nor a better-matured fellow.

"But are we to attack to-morrow, Mike?"

"It's mighty likely; seeing there's such a stir in the hive. You, on the left, are out of the way of it all; but I hear the right is being strengthened, and that strong outworks are being thrown up at this time, when all decent people ought to be in their beds. Hallo! where's the Brigade? Good night."

"If that's the case," said I to Blachford, "our right is expected to be attacked; and we on the left shall not have much to do."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Blachford. "It may be that the enemy will commence with a feint on our right wing, and the real brunt of the attack will be borne by the left. Or it may be *vice versa*."

We were both silent for some time, when Blachford said thoughtfully—

"I had a letter from home this morning. My mother's health is falling, I fear; and, it seems, that fellow Waterton is again a frequent visitor there."

"The deuce he is!" I exclaimed; but you don't mean to say that Emmy—I mean that Miss Blachford?"

"My poor father thinks it would be an advantageous match for her; but I don't think Emmy likes the man."

"I'll swear she don't," I exclaimed. "That is—I think—I fancy—she can't like such a fellow."

"Well, well," said Blachford (and I could tell by the tone of his voice that he was smiling at my earnestness), "you must reason my sister out of any predilection she may have for him, and my poor father too. I wish you to write by the earliest opportunity. Write to my poor father kindly and affectionately."

"Good heavens, Blachford!" said I, startled by the strange melancholy of his manner, "what is the matter with you? I write? Why, you will write yourself, of course."

"There will not be time," he said.

"Come, come," said I, jumping up, and determined on making an effort to rouse him out of the melancholy fit that was brooding over him; "rouse yourself, man; you've got the blue-devils. Let's go into the hut. We'll have some brandy-and-water, and then turn in, for we shall have early work to do, there's little doubt of it."

We crept into our shieling, which was built of poles, mud, turf, and stones, raised against the only remaining wall of what had once been a fine house; and there we sat, before such a fire as our servants had been able to forage for us in the course of the afternoon. Blachford still remained thoughtful—nothing I could say would rouse him; and, after a short time, he lay down on his bed, and, as I imagined, went to sleep. As I looked towards him, however, I could see that his hands were clasped together; and, in the silence of the night, I could hear the whisper of a long and evidently fervent prayer.

Presently he fell into a doze; and I sat before the fire, musing on a thousand things that came before my mind;—the dull solitude of the hut only disturbed by the heavy breathing of the sleeper. The time was growing towards midnight; but, though our hut was close to where our regiment was cantoned, the stillness was perfect, and not a sound from without was heard; even the very sighing of the wind was now hushed.

The silence for the last half-hour had become painful; and I had made up my mind to get out of the hut and do something, or go somewhere—anything or anywhere, to shake off the impression; when, just as I rose, Blachford gave a sudden leap from his bed, and uttering a fearful cry, put his hand to his side—

"Good God, I'm hit!" he exclaimed.

"How? where?" I said, rushing up to him. "You're dreaming, my good fellow. Something has unnerved you to-night; you're evidently not well. Lie down again, and get some more sleep."

"No, no," he said moodily, "not for a thousand worlds. I've seen and heard such things in my sleep"—And he trembled like a man in a strong ague-fit.

I was still urging Blachford, when I heard a shout outside, and a voice calling, "Hallo, Rixon! are you there? Open the door, for deuce a bit can I find it in the dark."

"Here," said I; "come in!" and the Major of our regiment put his head through the opening that served us for an entrance.

"You must turn out, Rixon; and double quick, too. I've seen your sergeant, and given him his orders. He's rousing out the men; and by this time they've got their cross-belts and coats on, and are mustering. The pickets are doubled to-night; and the company that was to relieve the outlying picket between the Devil's Bush and the Ravine, has, by some confounded mistake, been ordered on duty at the new Redoubt. There's no help for it; so the sooner you're off the better, for the relief ought to be up there now."

There was no help for it, of course. So I buckled on my sword, put on a sheepskin jacket, and over that my cloak, and bent my steps through the darkness, towards the tents of the company.

It was with an uneasy feeling I left poor Blachford behind me—for he belonged to another company, and was not likely to be called on duty for some hours. The singular melancholy that had taken possession of him, and a foreboding which was evidently weighing on his mind, made me very anxious on his account; and I would have asked him to come up and keep me company on picket, but that it occurred to me he might

get some rest, and so shake off what might be, after all, the mere effect of temporary bodily ailment.

On reaching the tents, I found the men ready; and, having given the word to "fall in," I marched them along the hollow and up the ascent, to the right of the old mill, where I found the outlying picket. It was a wild picturesque spot by day; but by night its grim character was sufficiently heightened to give a chill to the spirits, and make it anything but an agreeable place in which to while away the time.

Having posted my men, and bidden good night to the officer I had just relieved, I sat down with the sergeant on a stone, from whence I tried to pierce the gloom, and to observe any signs of movement on the enemy's side; but I could distinguish nothing. All was perfectly quiet.

The orders were to relieve the sentries every hour; and as I went the rounds myself with each relief, this kept me in tolerable activity. It was now but a short time before daylight—the coldest period, as all old campaigners know, of the whole night. There was a faint greyness just breaking over the horizon; when the sergeant, who was standing beside me, drew my attention to a dense mass that was moving along the ridge of the opposite hill. We stood looking at this for fully a quarter of an hour, when, suddenly, we were startled by the report of a musket from the sentry on our extreme left; and before we could hasten up, another and another succeeded, and the men fell back in turn until the whole line of sentries came towards us at the double.

I remained just sufficient time to see a body of the enemy coming up the rising ground on the other side; at the same moment that the other and larger mass of the enemy's troops, which we had been observing, had changed front, and were marching in column across the ridge, in the same direction. Crack after crack, in quick succession, went the muskets of our outlying pickets along the whole left of the line; and as we scudded towards the in-lying picket we could see that the whole army beyond was beginning to stir, like a hive of bees. In a moment we were in the rear of the in-lying picket, and were waiting, like them, for the further demonstration of the enemy, before we fell back on the main body.

Just then a General of Brigade and two staff-officers galloped up in hot haste. "Where's the officer commanding the picket on the left? Oh, ah! (as I stepped up to him)—Driven in, eh? What force! Ah, I see." Before an answer could be given, crack! crack! I went along the line of the in-lying pickets immediately in front of us, and the enemy showed in close columns over the crest of the hill, where we had but a very short time before been posted. As we fired we fell back, and the old Brigadier-General, with his orderlies, galloped off to a rising ground, on which he stood like a statue, reconnoitring with his glass the position of the enemy, and calculating their force with a practised accuracy.

On reaching the main body, our regiment, with others, was ordered to advance rather to the left of our cantonments. Aides-de-camp, staff-officers, and orderlies, were galloping about; yet there was not the slightest confusion; the various masses of men appeared to be moved with all the order of a game of chess.

The sun had just risen about a hand's-breadth above the horizon, and as lovely and fresh a morn was breaking as ever shone on a far happier day than that was likely to prove for many. I had often seen a similar sunrise before, and from the same spot; yet, I know not why—probably from the surrounding circumstances connected with the events that were happening and about to happen—the view before me produced a solemn awe, which was all the stronger from the comparison suggested between the placid beauty of God's work before me, and the ruthless passions that had brought men out, in the face of that holy calm, to darken the very splendour of the scene with their own sad doings.

Much time was not allowed us for thoughts such as these; if, indeed, they occurred to any—for the action had already begun in earnest: at first a dropping fire, then a regular fusillade. A shot or two had told among our ranks before we were ordered to fire, and then, we were in the thick of it. I cannot relate anything that occurred; I cannot describe what was doing on my right or on my left. Here and there I saw men falling about me, but whether they groaned or shrieked, the incessant firing prevented my hearing. There was anguish depicted on the faces of some, which the blood that smeared them made more ghastly; here a man fell from a flesh wound, and he sat up looking stolidly about him as though he were stunned; here a man leapt into the air and came to the earth again like a stone, shot through the heart; here was another lying writhing on the ground, hit in the throat—you could see he was screaming, to hear was out of the question—screaming for water—water for the love of God—into whose presence he was being fast hurried on the tide of the red stream that poured from his own veins.

It would have been sickening—more than sickening—if one had been compelled to stand and contemplate all these things; but the mind was occupied in other ways, the body in active motion, the blood boiling with the fever of excitement; and, when the bugles sounded the charge, and we left the wounded behind us at every step, the wild shout, the curse, the shriek, the din of musketry, the not far distant roar of artillery, the cataract-like sound of shells and rockets as they tore through the air, crashing across us, over us, bursting among us—every thing tended to keep the mind in a maddening whirl that allowed no time for either thought or feeling.

The enemy fell back before our charge; and we were ourselves recalled after driving them some distance; but, before we had got far in our retreat, we were, in turn, charged by a heavy body of cavalry. Down they came upon our square, making the very earth shake; but a well-directed fire stopped them effectually—they broke, fell into confusion, and a second fire from our ranks added to the number of empty saddles on their side. We were scarcely delivered from this visitation, when we found ourselves assailed by a cloud of light skirmishers, who kept up an incessant *tiraillement*; yet, whose fire we could not effectively return. To dislodge them we were again ordered to advance, only again to fall back; because it was no part of our General's policy to push his left wing too far forward.

We were making our retrograde movement in perfect order—harassed however, by the enemy's skirmishers in our rear—when, just as we were passing over a low ridge of earth, with a sort of dry ditch on the other side, I felt myself struck a crashing blow on the head or cheek, and down I rolled into the ditch. I could not immediately have lost all consciousness, for I have a distinct recollection of hearing the cry, "the cavalry!" and of our men rushing over me and past me; then I could again hear the heavy tread of a body of horse, and then the firing; and then—I heard, saw, felt, no more; I must have swooned.

How long I remained in this state I cannot tell; but when consciousness returned, it was long past mid-day. Everything around me was still and quiet.

Confused and in pain as I was, it was some time before I could collect sufficient sense to recall any of the circumstances that had brought me there; and longer still before I could force myself to believe that the whole had not been a dream. Where were our regiments? Where was the enemy? Those fearful charges of cavalry, too, were they not a dream? And, for myself—this blood, was that unreal? My lips were glued together with clotted gore, save a small orifice in the centre, through which my breath whistled. I put my hands up to my face, and, feeling the parts which were the principal seat of pain, by degrees I arrived at a correct conclusion; namely, that a ball had passed through both cheeks, grazing and injuring the cheek-bones, and knocking away the teeth it met with in its course. I had been, also, severely out about the head, and much kicked and trampled on. I felt stupid, moreover, whether from the concussion of the ball affecting the brain, or from what cause I cannot say. I got up on my feet, and tried to walk, but fell down again like a drunken man. My hearing, too, must have been affected; for though the action was going on, to the right of our line, fiercer than it had begun in the morning on our left (which had only been a feigned attack, after all), I could distinguish nothing of the noise, save a perpetual booming sound in my head, like that made by placing a sea-shell to the ear.

I managed to sit upright, and to gaze about me; and now I could perceive numerous vestiges of the late struggle. Horses, men, arms, accoutrements, lay scattered, here and there; but not a living soul was to be seen. I cannot tell how strangely the dreary solitude struck upon my mind—weak and confused as I was. I felt, however, that it was necessary to make some effort, or I might lie there till I sank altogether from sheer exhaustion. Having crawled to where I perceived a musket lying, I supported myself by it, and crept "with fainting steps and slow," towards what I supposed the direction of our lines.

It was a weary journey (though the real distance was so short, and had been traversed so rapidly in the morning), before I came in sight of a party of our men, who hurried down to assist me, and bore me to one of the tents. Here I was attended by a surgeon, who, after washing away the blood that covered my face, and examining my cheek and mouth, pronounced "No harm done—close shave though; got any brandy? take a little: all right.—Now then, rip up that sleeve; ah! must come off—shattered." The latter remarks not being addressed to me, I was glad to get away.

Several officers and many of the men now came crowding about me,

offering any little assistance in their power; and, while lying in one of the tents, another surgeon came to apply bandages to my wounds. My first anxiety, on recovering slightly from exhaustion, after some hour or two of rest, was as to the fate of Blachford; but I could only ascertain that he was "missing"—whether killed or wounded, nobody knew. Possibly, if wounded, he might have been carried to one of the hospitals in the town, or to private quarters there; and I determined on setting out to the rear with the view of ascertaining any particulars concerning him.

Mounted on a horse, which a friend lent me, I took my way, at a walking pace, towards the town. All along, as I verged towards the right of our position, the stream of wounded became greater and greater, while ammunition waggons and ambulance carts clattered over the road towards the scene of operations.

The evening was closing in as I reached the town; and the streets were filled with women and old men and children, who all seemed gesticulating and talking of the various acts of the drama that had been, or was then, going forward outside their walls. Now and then, as a blood-stained canvas "stretcher" was borne along the street with its maimed load, hands and eyes would be lifted towards heaven, and ejaculations of pity or horror would escape the bystanders.

Threading my way through these groups, and inquiring where the hospitals were established, I gained, at length, one of the noblest and most magnificent of the churches of which the town boasted; and here, I was told, accommodation had been made for nearly seven hundred wounded.

Within, the place was nearly dark, save here and there a few lights dotted about where the surgeons or their assistants were in attendance. The scene was a singular one. Imagine the interior of a fine church, such as one meets with everywhere in Roman Catholic countries; grand and imposing in its space, its architectural beauty, and decoration—its loftiness, its solemn prestige as a place of holy worship—imagine the whole area, even to the very altar, and above, amidst the choir on either side the organ—the whole filled with maimed and wounded human beings, very many "hurt unto death." It was a sight to shudder at even in the aggregate; but to walk along the rows of tressel-beds, and contemplate the sufferings in detail, was harrowing to the stoutest heart. Picture the long, long, weary night that was to pass over such a scene—the night that would seem interminable to the fevered and tortured watcher for the dawn—the night from which no morn would ever break for many.

None were placed in beds whose cases did not absolutely require that accommodation; and there were, therefore, many (whose wounds being of a comparatively less serious character) who were sitting, lying, or crouching in all spare corners—round the pillars, against the walls, at the foot of stairs—anywhere, everywhere—awaiting patiently the assistance that would be bestowed on them in turn.

That which struck the attention above all, or as much as all, was the several groups of women—very many of them ladies—some young and beautiful, some old—old, yet beautiful for the kindly sympathy that beamed in their faces, and the Samaritan feeling that dwelt in their hearts. Up and down and between the rows of sufferers they swept along, offering lemon-water (of which their servants carried pails full) to the parched lip; or ready with lint and bandage for the surgeon's use. All were quiet and unobtrusive, gliding wherever they thought they might alleviate a pain or soothe a restless pillow. Those whom they tended were rough, brawny, bearded men, from whose contact these young, delicate, and well-nurtured ladies would have shrunk, had they met them under other circumstances; but, stricken down as these poor men were, it never crossed the minds of these Samaritan ladies that there was impropriety in their mission of charity. May Heaven pardon them if there were! I know that many an uttered blessing followed them as they passed on, and I doubt not those blessings found a record where all things are set down both for and against us.

Of one of the staff surgeons, whom I knew, I inquired whether Blachford had been brought in there. He said that several officers had come in until more fitting quarters could be assigned them; but who they were, or whether Blachford was among them, he could not tell. My only course, then, was to make further inquiries, or to go up and down the long aisles of the wounded in search of my friend.

A strange pilgrimage it was. Here, in one corner, huddled up, was a figure looking as though he sat there to act some part in a childish mummery. His face was covered with a mask of white linen, in which were cut two diamond-shaped holes for his eyes, a triangular hole for the nose, and a long slit for the mouth. His whole front had been scorched by an explosion of powder. Here, stretched on a bed, lay a handsome lad, his dark-brown curly hair contrasting with his deathly pale face. He was a bugler, and belonged to a Rifle corps—as you might perceive by his dark-green dress, which was thrown across his feet. He had been brought in early in the day, and had received a severe wound when in the act of blowing the "advance." As he lay there, his eyes seemed never to move from some distant object which he appeared to contemplate, and his mouth gave a constant convulsive twitch on one side. His hands were engaged in a nervous picking at the bed-clothes; and, as I stood looking at him, some acute pain caused him to shriek out; and then, suddenly lapsing into a state of apparent exhaustion, while the perspiration broke out on his forehead, he murmured, "No, no, mother! don't let father"—Poor lad! his delirium carried him back to former days, and to the scenes of home—perhaps not a kind home; but, whether kind or not, he never to see it again!

Thus! in the midst of the surrounding groans and murmurs, and the hurrying to and fro, we came upon a little group gathered about the bedside of an officer. There was stillness among them, for the near presence of death seemed to hush their very breathing, save the prayer of the priest, who stood there in his long black cloak. At the foot of the bed knelt a young and beautiful girl, praying and weeping; and an attendant of the priest, who held a lantern, which shed but a feeble gleam on the dying man and those about him. There was light enough, however, for the girl to mark the last flicker of life that passed across the countenance of him she had loved with all the fervent passion of her race.

The officer was not Blachford; and I turned away to continue my pilgrimage in search of him. Everywhere the scene presented to the eye was the same, though varied in the degree of suffering. From time to time you heard the measured tread, on the paved floor, of the bearers of more wounded men brought in; or occasionally you were jostled by the hospital men who were carrying out the bodies of those who had just died. There was little time or space lost: a man had but just ceased to breathe when his body was borne away, and another wounded man occupied his place.

It was with difficulty I got through my fruitless task; and, sick and weary, I left the place with the intention of pursuing my search at a large building which I knew had also been fitted as a temporary hospital.

I was wending my way slowly and painfully up one of the streets that led to this building, when four men passed me, bearing on their shoulders a canvas stretcher containing some dead or wounded man. One of the men, as he came abreast of me, turned and looked in my face, and at the same time exclaimed, "Halt, mates! here's Captain Rixon: he was a friend of the poor gentleman."

"Who is it?" said I, "Is it Mr. Blachford?"

"True enough, sir; poor gentleman: and mortal sorry I am, too, for I was in his Company, and a kinder nor better officer never stepped. He was hit hard, sir, and must have dropt dead at once."

"Lay him down," said I, "and let me see him."

They laid him down; and the man pointed to poor Blachford's side where the ball had entered. It was, as near as possible, the very spot he had himself indicated when starting out of his sleep on the previous night.

The men said they were on their way to the quarters of an officer on the staff (a friend of Blachford), by whose permission he was to lie there till the funeral. So they took him there; and I followed.

I sat by his side in the dark room, through that long, long night, shedding many a tear, as I thought of our old friendship; and of the home made desolate by his death; of his poor father and his ailing mother, and of the poor Emily, his sister, whose pride in him was only equalled by her strong affection.

It was bright morning when somebody came and took me away, and told me I was in a high fever. What became of me at that time, nor for many a day after, I do not recollect; till one afternoon I seemed to awake up to consciousness, and I was told I was better, but that I had had a narrow escape—that the wound, and fever, had well-nigh made an end of me. After a time I got round again, and obtained "sick leave" to come to England.

When convalescent, and my leave had expired, I should have returned to my duties, but for the earnest entreaties of Blachford's father and mother, who pressed me to remain with them. I shall say nothing of the silent pleadings of Emmy, who, some time after (this is all the satisfaction I mean to grant to the curious) did not become the wife of Waterton. Time has passed over our heads since those days, but I shall never cease to remember THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE AND THE NIGHT AFTER.





FOX-HUNTING.

## THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

\* \* \*

Loo in, little dearies Loo in  
How eagerly forward they rush;  
In a moment how widely they spread;  
Have at him there, Hotspur Hush hush  
'Tis a find, or I'll forfeit my head.  
Now fast flies the fox, and still faster  
The hounds from the cover are freed  
The horn to the mouth of the master,  
The spur to the flank of his steed.

With Chorister, Concord, and Chorus,  
Now Chantress commences her song;  
Now Bellman goes jingling before us,  
And Sinbad is sailing along.\*

TA-ALOO! ta-aleo! Forrad! forrad! Yonder he goes. Ta-aleo! Too! too! Twang-twang-too! sounds the huntsman's horn. Crack! crack! goes the whipper-in's in long theng, bringing up the tail hounds. "Eh, Bill!" shouts the plough-boy, in a tree; "did ye see un; what a whoppin teale! Biggest fox as ever I seed." "Now, sir, if you please," cries the man on the hot horse, "go yourself, or let me go!" "Open the gate, you boy!" "Pull down that rail!" Amid these sounds, half a dozen, who have got away on good terms with the pack, are sailing along three fields from the gorse-cover, which Master Charley has quitted just in time to save himself from a first and final "chop."

And so commences the first run of the season, while the hedges are still full of brown and the ditches blind with dead leaves, and the men and horses fat, fresh, and impatient. And now barring always frost and snow—every week until the end of March will see between thirty and forty thousand sportsmen, or, at any rate, horsemen, in every county, from Dumfries-shire to Land's End, hunting fox, or stag, or hare. Surely, then, hunting is a drama that deserves some notice as a matter of news. In Walker's capital Hunting Maps, we find England divided into ninety-eight fox-hunting and stag-hunting districts. Besides these, there are four or five packs of fox-hounds in Scotland, and twice as many in Wales and in Ireland; and there are at least one hundred regular packs of harriers in the three kingdoms, not counting many scratch packs kept by farmers, including the one maintained by the Sheffield grinders for their special amusement on "play" days.

Westmoreland (where riding to hounds is impossible), Middlesex (for obvious reasons), and Norfolk (where the landlords of the present generation are devoted by a passion for rearing pheasants), are the only counties of England not hunted by fox-hounds. Yorkshire—which is not only nearly double the extent of any other county, but also famous for its breed of horses and horsemen among its yeoman farmers—has nine packs of fox-hounds, besides the use of two or three packs which have their kennels in the adjoining counties. And, curiously enough, Devon has as many packs as Yorkshire.

To be sure, the hunting is as different as the character of the horses used in the two counties. The Yorkshire hunter is known all over the world for a first-class horse, able to gallop like a racer, and jump any jumpable place at full speed. The Devonshire hunter is a well-bred cob, good at climbing up steep banks and cantering down precipitous hills, and especially clever at standing jumps. The Devonshire squires are good sportsmen, and understand hunting as a science better than most of those who fill the field in grass counties; but the small fields, divided by tons of earth-banks covered with impenetrable hedges, varied by moors, studded by quagmires; with hills to be ascended at a walk, and descended in a style alarming to any but a native, render riding up to the tail of hounds impossible. Many of the Devonshire packs are on a very small scale, and hunt everything that comes to hand. At the same time, few better sportsmen have ever hollared to hound than the late Mr. Bulleel, of Fleete, or the late Hon. Newton Fellowes, or the late Rev. — Froude, and the Rev. Jack Russell, Master of the North Devon hounds. In Yorkshire, large fields of grass and light plough, large horses, and hard-riding men, give a first-class character to the sport. The most celebrated sportsman in Yorkshire, Sir Tatton Sykes, has lately retired in favour of Mr. Willoughby, who hunts over the Yorkshire woods—a perfect contrast to the glens, woods, and miniature fields of Devon.

Of the advertised packs three hunt six days a week; that is to say, the Quorndon, in Leicestershire, Sir Richard Sutton; the Burton, in Lincolnshire, Lord Henry Bentinck; and Mr. Asheton Smith's, in Hampshire. About twenty-four packs hunt four days a week, and the rest either two or three days a week publicly, besides by-days. The expenses vary from £1200 to £4000 a year. Four days a week may be done for £1800, with economy.

Now if those of our readers who know nothing, and have never thought anything about hunting, will roughly calculate the number of persons who are amused and interested in a sport which calls every muscle of the body into healthy exercise, and for the day disperses, dissolves, and extinguishes every anxious care and gloomy thought by an excitement which is followed by no painful reaction, they will agree that our 'hunting fields' and "huntmen" deserve the "Illustrated Notes," not critical but descriptive, to which we propose to give occasional columns of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS in the course of the season.

All conditions of men, except Bishops, from ratcatchers to Royalty, are to be found in the hunting-field—equalised by horsemanship, and fraternising under the influence of a genial sport. Among fox hunters we can trace a long line of statesmen, from William of Orange to Pitt and Fox. Lord Althorp was a master of hounds; and Lord Palmerston we have seen, within the last few years, going—as he goes everywhere—in the first flight.

The progress of agriculture is indelibly associated with fox-hunting; for the three great landlords, who did more to turn sand and heath into corn and wool, and make popular the best breeds of stock and best course of cultivation—Francis, Duke of Bedford; Coke, Earl of Leicester; and the first Lord Yarborough—were all masters of hounds.

When indecency formed the staple of our plays, and a drunken debauch formed the inevitable sequence of every dinner-party, a fool and a fox hunter were synonymous. Squire Western was the representative of a class, which, however, was not more ridiculous than the patched, perfumed Sir Plumes, whom

Hogarth painted, and Pope satirised. Fox-hunters are not a class new—roads, newspapers, and manufacturing emigration have equalised the condition of the whole kingdom; and fox-hunters are just like any other people, who wear clean shirts, and can afford to keep one or more horses.

It is safe to assert that hunting men, as a class, are temperate. No man can ride well across a difficult country who is not. We must, however, admit, that the birds who have most fouled their own nest have been broken-down sportsmen, chiefly racing men, who have turned writers to turn a penny. These unfortunate people, with the fatal example of "Noctes Ambrosianæ" before them, fill up a page whenever their memory or their industry fails them in describing in detail a breakfast, a luncheon, a dinner, and a supper. And this has been repeated so often, that the uninitiated are led to believe that every fox hunter must, as a matter of course, keep an immense cellar of port, sherry, madeira, hock, champagne, and all manner of liqueurs, as well as a French cook.

The most aristocratic counties are the "Pastures"—of which the Quorndon is the centre; and the Belvoir, the Atherstone, and the Cottesmore, form part, and the Pychley a continuation. In these districts the enclosures are large, chiefly grass, and separated by wide and strong fences, in order to keep within bounds the great bullocks that are pastured there in summer. In these hunts, with a burning scent, nothing but a well-bred horse, of size and power, perfectly trained, and well-ridden, can live with the hounds. Every man who goes down there specially to hunt has two horses out at a time; the second, ridden by a clever boy, is brought along lanes, and by short cuts, so as to be ready when the first is used up; therefore, to hunt, and ride hard, six days a week in these "Pastures" requires a stud of eight horses at least. Some of the most forward horsemen are contented with eleven.

Last year, in the Quorn country, Sir Richard Sutton, master of the hounds, hunting eight days a week with two packs, had 70 horses—of course some of these were for the use of friends visiting him, as well as his huntsman and whips; the Earl of Wilton, a first flight man, 15; Mr. W. Little Gilmore, one of the oldest members of the Melton Club, and best horsemen, 15; Colonel Cavendish Taylor, 8; Marquis of Granby, a better man across country than in the House of Commons, 10 (and he is a very heavy weight); Lord Gardiner, 11; and Lord Forrester, 16.

But the Quorn and Pychley fields frequently amount to between three and four hundred; but this number includes, in the first place, the hunting aristocracy, who come down to hunt, as they also go to the Highlands to shoot, and to Cowes to yacht, periodically; next, small squires, and a number of real sportsmen in feeling and execution, who are professional men from the towns, or manufacturers—keeping one, two, or three horses; then a crowd of graziers, land-agents, farmers with horses to sell, horse-dealers, veterinary surgeons, and, lastly, curious visitors, who have no idea of riding hard.

These first-class expensive, aristocratic counties are not suited for men of moderate means with no local connection. Nothing but a first-class horse can live with hounds on a racing-day, and it is not every one who can afford to have two, three, or four first-class horses.

In the provincial counties excellent sport is to be had at less expense, with more sociality and good fellowship.

The man who cannot enjoy himself with the Bramham Moor or Holderness,

in Yorkshire; with the Brooklesby, in Lincolnshire; the Heythrop, in Oxfordshire; the Berkeley, or the Beaufort, in Gloucestershire; or with Cheshire, and half-a-dozen similar packs, does not deserve to hunt at all—so we say from experience. We hear that near Ashford, in Kent, there is a grass country, equal to the best part of Leicestershire; but the scent on the south coast is seldom equal to the Midland and Western Counties. Devonshire, with so many drawbacks, has generally a good scent and plenty of foxes.

As we are gossiping quite as much for those who do not hunt, as for those who do, we may venture to say that the popular notion of a fox-hunt is as unlike the reality as a girl's notion of war—a grand charge and a splendid victory.

Pictures always represent exciting scenes—hounds flying away with a burning scent; horses taking at a bound, or tumbling neck and crop over frightful fences. Such lucky days, such bruising horsemen, such burning scents and flying foxes are the exception.

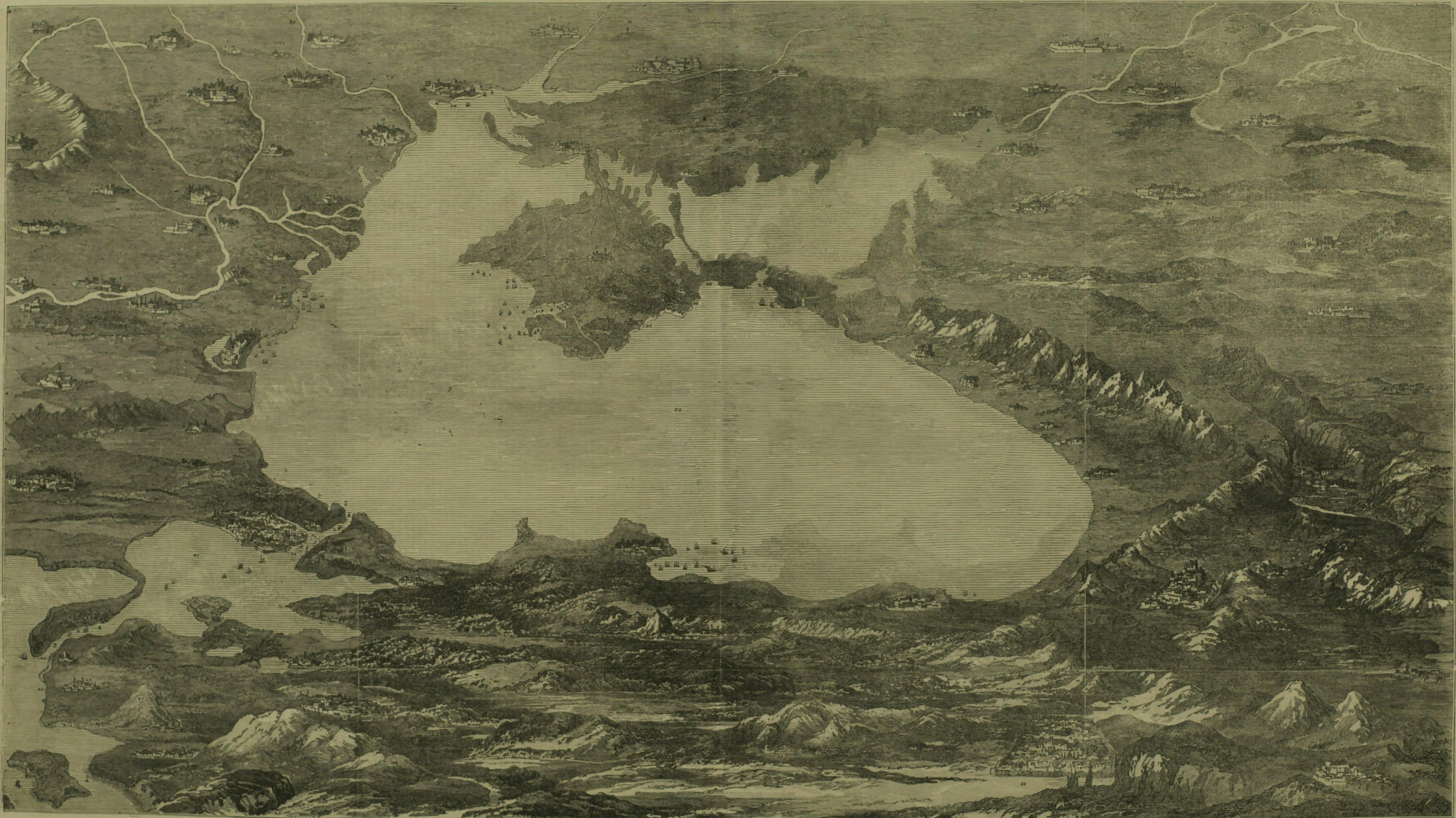
At least two-thirds of those who go out, even in the most fashionable counties, never attempt brooks or five-barred gates, or anything difficult or dangerous; but, by help of open gates and bridle-roads, which are plentiful, parallel lanes, and gaps which are conveniently made by the first rush of the straight riders and the dealers with horses to sell, helped by the curves that hounds generally make, and a fair knowledge of the country, with the galloping, on a fast horse, they manage to be as near the hounds as the most trusting horseman. Among this crowd of skitters and road riders are to be found some very good sportsmen, who, from some cause or other, have lost their nerve; others, who live in the county, like the excitement and society, but never took a jump in their lives; young ladies with their papas; boys on ponies; farmers educating four-year-olds; surgeons and lawyers, who are looking rather for professional practice than sport. On cold scenting days, with a ringing fox, this crowd keeps on until nearly dark, and heads many a fox. Many a beginner, in his first season, has been cheated by a succession of these easy days over an easy part of the county into the idea that there was no difficulty in riding to hounds. But a straight fox and a burning scent over a grass country has undeceived him, and left him in the third or fourth field with his horse half on a hedge and half in a ditch, or pounded before a "bullfinch," feeling very ridiculous. There are men who cut a very respectable figure in the hunting-field who never saw a pack of hounds until they were past thirty. The city of London turns out many such; so does every great town where money is made by men of pluck, bred perhaps as plough-boys in the country. We could name three—one an M.P.—under these conditions, who would pass muster in Leicestershire if necessary. But a good seat on horseback, pluck, and a love of the sport, are essential. A few years ago a scientific manufacturer, a very moderate horseman, was ordered horse exercise as a remedy for mind and body prostrated by over anxiety. He found that riding along the road his mind was as buoy and wretched as ever. A friend prescribed hunting, purchased for him a couple of made hunters, and gave him the needful elementary instruction. The first result was that he obtained such sound, refreshing sleep as he had not enjoyed since boyhood; the next, that in less than two seasons he made himself quite at home with a provincial pack, and now rides so as to enjoy himself without attracting any more notice than one who had been a fox-hunter from his youth upwards.

(To be continued.)

\* From a volume of "Hunting Songs," printed for private circulation. By R. E. Warburton, Esq., of Arley-hall, Cheshire.



# A PICTURESQUE MAP OF THE SEATH OF THE WAR IN THE DANUBIAN PROVINCES, TURKEY, ASIA MINOR, SOUTHERN RUSSIA, AND THE CRIMEA.



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## HER MAJESTY'S GUNPOWDER MILLS, AT WALTHAM ABBEY.



THE GUNPOWDER MILLS.

GUNPOWDER, and particularly cannon-powder, during this present siege of Sebastopol, cannot fail to be considered a very interesting compound; we propose, therefore, to carry our readers, in idea, to visit her Majesty's Gunpowder Mills, at Waltham Abbey, in the Essex marshes. These Mills are, we should premise, quite inadequate to the production of all the powder required by the Army and Navy, the greater part in fact being purchased by the Government from the manufacturers. The danger incurred by the admission of strangers to works of this kind will account for the little that is generally known of their nature.

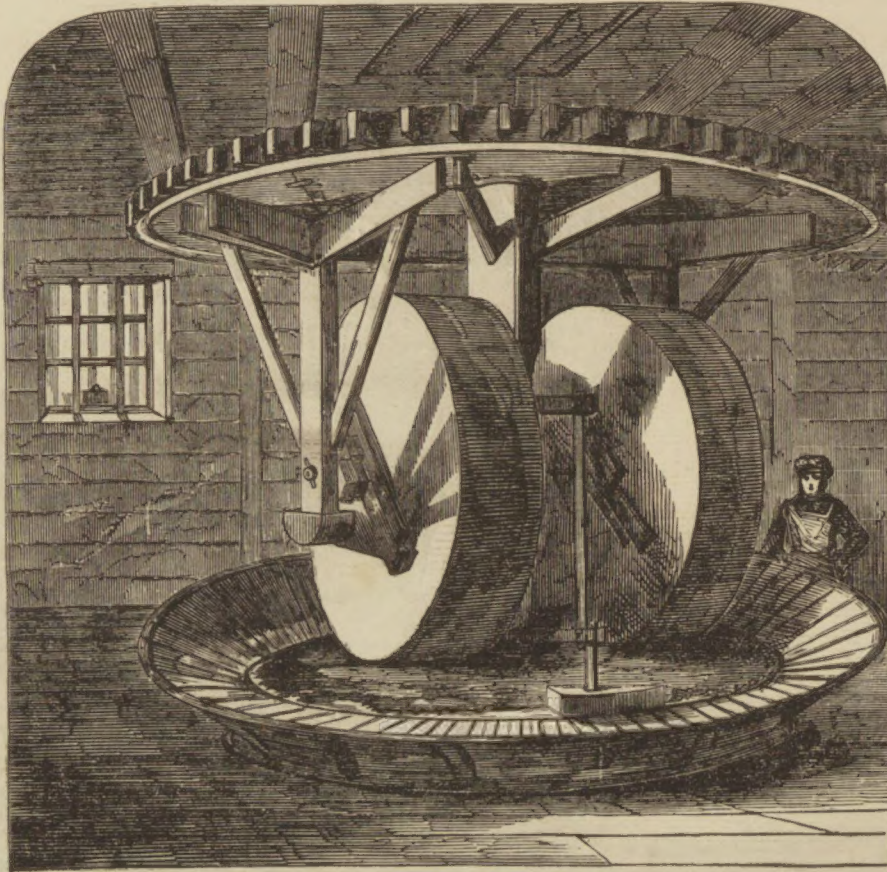
At Waltham, the saltpetre, or "petre," as it is called, which is principally imported from Bengal, is boiled (in large pans), evaporated, and crystallised in a building far removed from the Gunpowder Mills, properly so called. So, also, are the alder and willow charred to make the charcoal element of the powder. These processes are preliminary, and the materials are carried in boats to the separate mills in which they are to be ground.

A walk of half a mile brings us to these works, and our first impression is that the spot is very pretty, and very harmless-looking indeed—a glance at our illustration will show that there is nothing very fearful in the external appearance of these deadly houses. Our first visit is to a "Petre," or Nitre-mill, where the saltpetre, having been purified of its salt, and cast into cakes weighing about forty pounds each, is ground to a fine powder, by a pair of heavy circular stones slowly revolving on a stone bed; it is subsequently sifted, and the coarser particles re-ground. Before entering this house we are required to encase our feet in goloshes innocent of nails; and the greatest care is taken that the stranger's own boots shall not touch the platform in front of the Mill. The sulphur, or brimstone, and the charcoal (some of which is manufactured from the willow-trees which grow so plentifully in the neighbourhood) are ground in similar mills, but, of course, comparatively without danger. As yet we have but been concerned with the three separate ingredients; but we now—with some misgivings, probably—proceed to the "Mixing-house," where every precaution is needed. Around the room there is a hoop, some two feet high; and at its side kneels a workman, who fits a pair of over shoes on your feet, carefully placing each, as it is covered, within the charmed circle: here a sense of danger first strikes you, for you are actually walking, or rather sliding about, in gunpowder—not in its explosive form certainly, for if the "composition," as it is here called, were to take fire, it would burn only, as to use the schoolboy's word, a fizzig or devil, throwing out showers of sparks sufficiently destructive in a large quantity. Here, in bins, are found the petre, brimstone, and charcoal, solid weights, of the exact proportions of each, are provided, so that no mistake can occur. The quantities of the constituents are, as most persons are aware, saltpetre, 75; sulphur, 10; charcoal 15 in every 100 parts. A quantity of the three ingredients, weighing 42 lbs., is placed in a hollow drum, which revolves rapidly, and contains a fly-fan, which rotates in an opposite direction. In about five minutes a most complete mixture is effected, and a bag is tied over the lower orifice of the drum to receive the charge. If we follow this "composition," we shall next arrive at the "Incorporating-mills," the exteriors of which are shown in our first illustration. Here the gunpowder, which enters merely as a combustible compound, obtains its explosive power, by the ingredients becoming thoroughly incorporated. They are here ground together, and although no precaution is needed as to the feet of the visitor, here is, perhaps, the greatest danger to be apprehended. The nature of the Mill is shown in our second illustration. A pair of circular stones called "runners," weighing about three tons and a half each, steadily and slowly roll over the pow-

der, which is placed on the stone bed of the Mill, surrounded by a huge wooden basin; wooden scrapers follow the stones, to prevent the edges of the pan from becoming clogged. The powder is pre-

dangerous sojourn in this mill. All possible care is taken to prevent accidents; yet, from time to time, these houses will "blow," as the workmen term it. To obviate the chance of any irregularity in a clock,

the water-wheel which works two of these mills in one house also marks its revolutions on a dial, so that the attendant can never be mistaken in the time that the charge has been "on"—a most important point, where the over grinding of too dry powder might produce a fearful result. The chief cause of explosion has been a portion of the wood-work of the roof, or mill, becoming detached—such as a cog of the wheel—and falling into the pan, it would naturally act as a skid on one of the runners, and produce an amount of heat, by friction, sufficient to explode the whole mass of powder. In our engraving it may be observed that small semi-cylindrical boxes are suspended under the axes of the runners, the iron collars having at times dropped into the pan; it seems strange that this precaution is of comparatively recent introduction. The risk incurred by each house containing a pair of Mills is greatly diminished by the expedient of a flat board, being suspended over each Mill; this is called the "blow-board," and it is the first thing to move by the concussion of the air beneath it. It is connected by wires, with a cistern of water, immediately over the pan of its fellow Mill; its movement, therefore, causes the upsetting of this cistern, which instantly drowns the gunpowder in such dangerous proximity. The attendants are as little in these Mills as possible; they work in watches of eight hours each, and at the present busy time these incorporating-mills turn ceaselessly, except for the renewal of the charges, from four o'clock on Monday morning until late on Saturday night. It is surprising to find that lamps are used, but they are never allowed to enter the house. The projecting window shown in our first illustration is double, and contains a lamp in a small reservoir of water, and it is only approachable from the outside. In no other part of the works is an artificial light used, the men leaving their work at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon both summer and winter. After all we are not sorry to hurry our sketch, and leave these Mills; but we find that more hazardous processes are to follow. The powder, thus incorporated, is in hard flat lumps; and it has now again to be reduced to dust. This is accomplished in the "Breaking-down House," where an inclined plane conveys the solid hard pieces through the rollers, crushing nearly 500 lb. in the hour. Here the goloshes are again called into requisition; every object in the house being covered by a sort of bloom of gunpowder, and this, too, in its most explosive state. The powder has now once more to be brought to a solid form; and we next visit the "Press House," Goloshes again; and we remark that a mass of earth and brickwork forms a blast wall between the house containing the mill and that occupied by a fine hydraulic press used in the process. We have here an enormously strong box, about three feet square, containing nearly fifty gun-metal plates. The fine powder is filled in between these plates, and then submitted to hydraulic pressure of about 120 tons to the square foot; in fact, to nearly a pressure of 700 tons on the whole mass, for three-quarters of an hour. This reduces it to one-third in bulk; and on opening the box, we find, instead of the fine loose powder, solid square flat cakes, about three-eighths of an inch in thickness, and nearly as hard as slate. Before leaving this house, these cakes are roughly broken up, and sent in baskets to the "Grainulating-mill," where the hard, flat pieces are treated in a similar manner to that in the "Breaking-down Mill," of which, indeed, this is only another form. Sieves regulate the sizes of the broken fragments which constitute the grains of that which we at last recognise as gunpowder. This house has its



THE INCORPORATING-MILL.

der, which is placed on the stone bed of the Mill, surrounded by a huge wooden basin; wooden scrapers follow the stones, to prevent the edges of the pan from becoming clogged. The powder is pre-

be brought to a solid form; and we next visit the "Press House," Goloshes again; and we remark that a mass of earth and brickwork forms a blast wall between the house containing the mill and that occupied by a fine hydraulic



STOVING-HOUSE AND TRAVERSES.

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ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.—THE WAGGON.

## ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH FOR THE WAR.

THE Electric Telegraph Company have lately supplied Government with a very complete and portable set of Electric Telegraph apparatus, adapted for use in the field, to accompany the munitions sent out to the East, where it will doubtless prove a valuable auxiliary to the service. It consists of two waggons, each containing a complete set of instruments, batteries, and telegraph apparatus; and a sufficient supply of insulated wire, to establish, at a moment's notice, a telegraphic communication to a distance of ten or twelve miles either on land or under water. Each wagon is to be drawn by six horses, and to be accompanied by a staff of mounted officers and men; and Sappers and Miners have been educated for that duty at the Company's Central Station, at Lotherbury.

The appliances for laying out the wire over irregular ground, and through marshes and rivers, are very ingenious, and the instruments are so thoroughly portable that after being shifted from place to place they can be fixed in working order in a few seconds. For communications by day and night, between distant points, such as the banks of a river, a distant outpost, or battery in intrenchments, between vessels at sea, and especially between the fleet and the shore, this novel auxiliary will doubtless prove of the highest utility.

The mode of communication is briefly as follows:—The wire is deposited by a subsoil plough in the ground, at a depth sufficient to protect it from ordinary casualties; the wire being coiled round a wheel revolving horizontally, attached to a carriage drawn in advance. The whole apparatus can be worked by the strength of eight men. Of course, this

contrivance is available only for moderate distances. Twelve coils each a mile in length, are neatly packed in the wagon, which also carries the plough, and the requisite tools. The wire can easily be removed, and, if necessary, laid down in another direction.

The accompanying Carriage and Plough were sketched at Woolwich previously to their being sent to the seat of war.

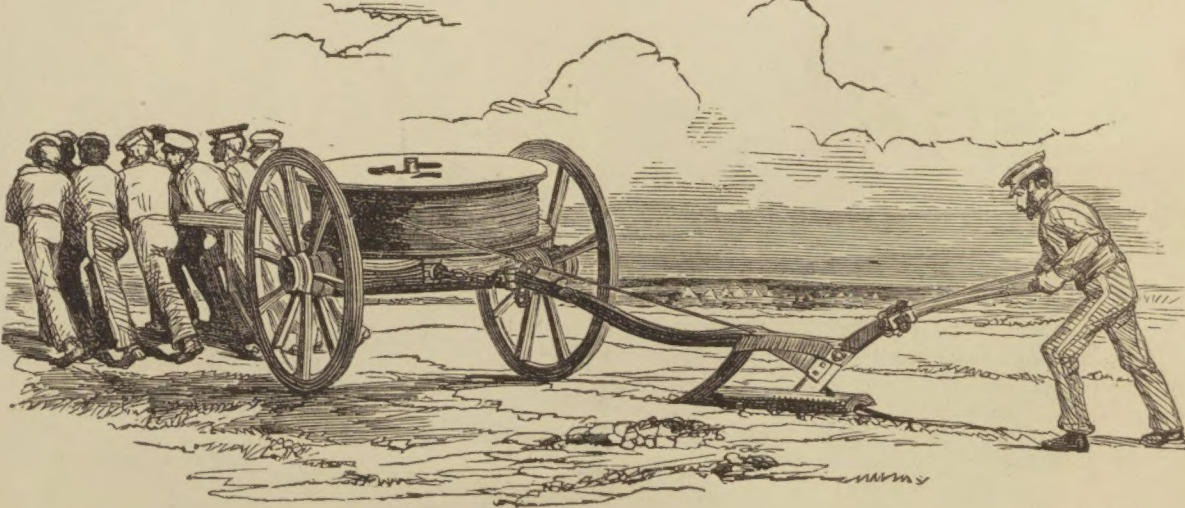
COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.—Head-quarters had been established here, and all the best houses taken possession of. I had some difficulty in procuring one, but at length succeeded, and am now living in the house formerly occupied by a Russian officer. It is one of the best in the place, both as regards cleanliness and situation, being half-way up the hill, and considerably above the elevation of the town. It is well furnished—sofas, chairs, china, glass in abundance, and all we should expect to find in an English house—at least, in point of furniture. The cellars are also well filled with flour, corn, &c.; so I am well off. An officer of Engineers is living with me, and our arrangements are very good. I have bought a cow and calf—this is to ensure fresh milk—and in addition to this luxury we are now baking our own bread, as none was to be procured, and we were tired of living on biscuits. For the cow and calf I gave thirteen silver nobles (equal to £2 5s.); this is considered a high price. The commissariats are obtaining a good supply of oxen at 20s. to 30s., and excellent sheep at 2s. a head. Supplies of every kind are now most exorbitant in their charge, and most difficult to be had. There are no shops, and the only means of obtaining them are from the transports, price 7s. a bottle for brandy, 4s. a pound for candles, and other things in proportion.—*Letter from Balaklava.*

floor covered with hides, fastened down with copper nails; the side of the room against that in which the workman waits is bomb-proof; and, all preliminary arrangements having been made, the mill can be started or stopped by a rope passing through this wall, thus avoiding much risk to the men. We need hardly say that no iron is used in any part of the place: all tools are of copper, or gun metal. The powder is then dried, by heat, in a "stoving-house;" and, as this is a process in which there is not much to see, and considerable risk to be incurred, we content ourselves with admiring the arrangement of the traverses—mounds of earth, some 30 feet thick (shown in our third illustration)—which are built in order to confine the explosion, as far as possible, to the one house; though, from some unexplained cause, there seems an awful contagion in these matters; and near this very spot, in 1843, several mills exploded within a few moments of each other, without any apparent communication, and seven workmen were destroyed on that unfortunate occasion. There is yet one more process; the gunpowder, though now in grains and dry, is still mixed with a quantity of dust, or particles finer than the grain, it has therefore to undergo a "reeling" in the "Dusting-house" (the white building in the distance of our first illustration). The powder is here placed in cylindrical sieves of different degrees of fineness, corresponding to the quality of the powder. These sieves revolve with great velocity, and the dust escaping through the meshes, the clean gunpowder is drawn off from the interior of the reels, through a sort of tap into the barrels for packing. For the finest powder there is still one more ordeal, that of "glazing," where a portion of black-lead is shaken up with the grain, to impart a gloss to its surface: this luxury is not allowed to cannon-powder, which is at present the only manufacture carried on at the Waltham Mills.

THE COMMISSARIAT IN THE CRIMEA.—An old campaigner, in a letter dated 14th Camp over Sebastopol, says, "I must in fair play give praise to the commissariat department, for I never saw a better rationed army in my life. Not one day have we been without good and wholesome provisions—the pork, twice a week, admirable, and every other day excellent beef or mutton, 1½ lb. each man, tea and sugar daily, and the biscuit remarkably good; indeed, they deserve very great praise; and though it is the fashion to abuse the commissariat officers give what they may, still this is, I believe, only done by boys, who expect to get turtle soup and champagne. Few can know better than myself how our army was rationed during the late war—biscuit and the worst description of beef; no tea, no sugar; we now get a double allowance of the finest rum I ever tasted. They are a set of hard-working officers who do not certainly spare themselves; I have known many to be up all night riding in search of provisions. I like to give praise where it is due, and few can give better opinions on these subjects than those who have served in the commissariat; for, as I said before, boys who have seen nothing of regimental messes in England, can give no opinion on the subject. Every valley there are good cottages and villas; you enter a house with all the accommodation of an English gentleman—pier glasses twelve and fourteen feet high, pictures, libraries, Broadwood's grand pianos, all broken to pieces, and this not done by us, but by their own detestable Cossacks."

THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS AT LEWES.—The war prison, which is open to the public, has been visited by vast numbers of persons during the past week, as many as 400 or 500 being admitted in the course of a day. Most of these come over from Brighton, and, as nearly all liberally purchase the toys manufactured by the prisoners, they have recently become greatly enhanced in price, and those for which, a few weeks since, the prisoners were glad to receive 6d., are now sold at 1s. or 1s. 6d. Many of the toys (the whole of which are made with large clasp-knives) are exceedingly pretty, and exhibit great ingenuity on the part of the makers. Not a little surprise has been excited by the progress they have made in acquiring the English language. In reply to the questions of purchasers, "How much?" they readily answer, in good plain English, "A shilling," "eighteenpence," "two shillings," or "half-a-crown," according to the value which they set on the particular toy. Their exchequer, at present must be in a very flourishing state, for, besides the large amount which they have received during the past week, the Duke of Devonshire has sent them £250, and the officers who are on parole have received £1000 from the Czar; so that both officers and men are pretty well off in a financial point of view. Until last Sunday the prison was thrown open to the public during the afternoon; but it was found very difficult to carry out the regulations of the prison, from the large number who availed themselves of the privilege, so the practice has been discontinued. On Friday morning Lieutenant Mann, the governor, took about 100 of the prisoners out for exercise on the South Downs, and, as this was the first time they have been outside the walls during their incarceration, they enjoyed the change, and the weather was beautifully fine. It is intended to take them out in detachments at stated intervals, a guard of pensioners accompanying them.

A COOL EXPLOIT.—Among the deeds of coolness I must mention that of a Light Division man. He was one of a picket, and, seeing a gentleman in plain clothes riding out of Sebastopol, with a guard of three or four soldiers somewhat in his rear, watched him. Presently the horseman got off, walked a short distance on one side in order to sketch—probably he was an engineer officer taking the positions of our working parties—leaving his charger to crop the stunted grass. Our active soldier seized the favourable opportunity, crept quietly up to the steed, mounted him, and rode off in triumph to his comrades, who received him with a British cheer.—*Letter from the Crimea.*



ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.—PLOW FOR LAYING THE WIRE.

A RUSSIAN SURPRISE.—Our batteries are placed so near Sebastopol that we can hear distinctly the church bells, the tunes played by the bands (the other day they played "God Save the Queen"), the howling of the dogs, and the crowing of vigilant cocks, so that a body of Russian riflemen, inclined for close quarters, have only to creep quietly towards our works and they are forthwith gratified. On Saturday (the 14th), about 150 of the enemy came up a ravine, at the bottom of which were twelve men and a sergeant stationed to keep close watch in a small house, which would have afforded a determined party good protection for a volley or two, after which a speedy retreat would have been but an act of prudence. The sergeant of the party took a mere cautious view of the whole matter, and considered that running away without disturbing the enemy would secure him from the fire of riflemen, still at a goodly distance from the house. Acting upon this reasoning, away he went, leaving behind him all the knapsacks, that the flight might be unimpeded. This fatal and cowardly conduct might have been attended by serious results; for the Russians, finding no opposition, were enabled to steal to the rear of the battery. Fortunately, one of our soldiers saw them, and gave the alarm, upon which an officer of the Rifles at once gallantly called to twelve of his corps to follow him. Away they went—of course, supported as soon as possible by others—and the 150 Russians retreated before them very steadily. Now it was that a terrible, but interesting, conflict took place between the tallest man of the 2nd Battalion of Rifles, and a huge Russian rifleman. Hannan, an Irishman, noted at the Cape for his rashness, rushed forward and fired. The shot was returned, and a second shot attempted by his opponent, but fortunately a cap could not be found. Seeing this, Hannan rushed up, and with his fist knocked the Russian over a low wall, and leaped after him. The two now grappled, and a dreadful struggle followed, in which, at last, our

soldier was worsted; and a short sword was in the air to give him his deathblow—nay, more, its point was through the trousers, and about to penetrate the thigh and bowels—but, ere the thrust was given, a shot from Hannan's comrade and friend, Ferguson, pierced the heart of the sturdy Russian, and he fell lifeless by the side of his intended victim. We lost in this affair only one killed, and two wounded. Of the enemy, three were brought in wounded, several remained dead on the field, and others were carried off into Sebastopol. I am happy to add that the knapsacks were all recovered; being heavy, the Russian soldiers, when closely pressed, were compelled to drop them.—*Letter from the Crimea.*

ONE ENGLISHMAN TO TWO RUSSIANS.—In the course of the second day of the siege, a private of the 33rd, who had fired his last cartridge, was crouching to join the covering party nearest to him, when two Russians, to his great surprise, sprang from behind a rock, and seizing him by the collar, dragged him off towards Sebastopol. After having recovered from his temporary stupefaction at this sudden change of route, our friend of course commenced reflecting on the possibility of an escape. The Russian who escorted him on the left side held in his right hand his own firelock, and in his left the captured Minié. By a sudden spring the 33rd man seized the Russian's firelock, and on the speculation of its being loaded, discharged it at its owner. The man rolled over dead, and his companion was not less rapidly clabbed. Calmly picking up his own Minié, our friend returned towards the camp and joined his regiment. This little episode was witnessed by a sergeant and several other skirmishers.

SANGFROID.—Captain Peel gave one of his many proofs of determination and sangfroid on the 15th. A shell fell into the battery upon which he instantly seized it in his arms, and hurled it over the parapet, where it exploded harmlessly.





HOSPITAL SHIP NEAR THE SERAGLIO, AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

## HOSPITAL SHIP AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

OUR readers are already aware that many of the English and French who were wounded at the battle of the Alma have been taken to Constantinople to find shelter and proper surgical aid. The French are mostly in their hospital at Pera; the rest are at their barracks at Ramischlik. The English have a spacious and tolerably comfortable hospital near Cadiköy beyond the Scutari Barracks. At that place they remain till they become convalescent when they are placed in an old Turkish hulk, transformed into an hospital, and anchored for the purpose near the Seraglio.

The accompanying Sketch represents that vessel: she is a large two-decker, and had been rotting for years in the dock-yards of Kasim Pacha. The Scutari Barracks are seen on the right, and Scutari Proper

on the left. The cool north breeze is freshening, and a French store-ship is gliding gracefully into the Marmora, under royals, her yards squared to receive the favouring breeze. Nearer to us, a small Turkish craft, or Chekdémé, laden with wood, dashing swiftly through the water, bears down with swelling sails to the harbour. These Chekdémés form a very pretty addition to the many picturesque objects found in an Oriental view.

Nearer still we see the harem of some Turkish Grandees taking a row up the Bosphorus, to spend the day at Geurk Sou, or some other charming spot—for it is Friday, the day on which the Turkish women, with their children, assemble on the shores of the Bosphorus or the Golden Horn, to gossip, eat mahalabee, and loiter on the greenward beneath the wide-spreading plane tree.

Letters have been received from Dr. Hall, the principal medical officer in the Crimea, stating that the sick and wounded at Scutari are going on most satisfactorily; that every man is provided with all that is necessary for his comfort and accommodation; and that, although 2103 beds are occupied there are 1100 more in readiness to receive any wounded that may arrive from the Crimea. A letter from the medical officer in charge of the 3rd Division, dated Oct. 11. Camp before Sebastopol, says:—"There has been no case of cholera in the 3rd Division for the last eight days, and no death from any cause."

A letter from the Camp, of Oct. 16, says:—"The sickness from which we so long and so seriously suffered has, I think I may say, quite disappeared. I have not heard of a case of cholera during the last two or three days; but we have many in hospital with diarrhoea, jaundice, dysentery, fever, and rheumatism."



RUSSIAN FLEET MOORED OUTSIDE THE BATTERIES OF SEBASTOPOL, UNDER THE GUNS, SEPTEMBER 22.





BATTLE OF THE ALMA.—SKETCHED FROM THE MIZEN-TOP OF H.M.S. "RETRIBUTION," BY LIEUTENANT MONTAGU O'REILLY.

Let the reader fancy himself for the moment on the mizen-top of the *Retribution*, on the forenoon of the 20th of September, as our Correspondent was when he made the above Sketch of the scene which presented itself that day on the northern shore of the Crimea. First of all he would have seen a dense mass of troops marching southward along the shore road to Sebastopol, which runs pretty near the edge of that low ridge of white cliffs distinctly visible in the foreground, and rather forcibly reminding him of some parts of the chalky coast between Brighton and Beachy Head. These troops consist of the French Infantry and Horse Artillery. The long line of troops extends from the extreme left to the southern ridge of

the Alma, up the steep banks of which a portion of the artillery has already been dragged, and where it is beginning to produce some effect upon the left wing of the Russian army. The Russian report of the battle, which we have given in another part of this week's publication, and which is much more truthful than the ordinary bulletins from St. Petersburg, confesses that the appearance of the French in that unexpected quarter was rather a damaging affair. After stating that the Zouaves had crossed the Alma near the shore, and pushed rapidly along the narrow ridges to the heights, the report gives the result as follows:—"The appearance of these troops on our flank, and almost in our rear, obliged Prince Menshikoff to throw forward the Moskau

and Minsk regiment from the reserve, together with a regiment of Hussars." But neither the "Moskau" nor the "Minsk" invincibles could save the Russian General from a shameful defeat, as the report is forced to admit at last. "The French had already succeeded in bringing a battery up to the heights, which received our reserves with a hot fire. The two regiments were compelled to retire. As Prince Menshikoff now saw that his left flank was turned, and that his centre and right, after the losses they had sustained, could no longer hold their ground, he ordered all the troops to fall back upon the Katscha." That retreat, however, was at a later hour of the day than the one at which our Sketch was taken. It represents the march of the English army soon after the commencement of the attack. The English centre may be seen not far

behind the French, marching for some distance in parallel columns with their allies apparently. The left wing, consisting of English Infantry, has parted from the main body, and is taking its course along the rising ground to the westward, with a view to turn the right flank of the Russian army. The smoke a little to the left of the centre marks the village of Burluk, and the vineyards near it, where a party of Russian Rifles had taken up a galling position, from which they were speedily driven by our troops. To the right of the smoke, caused by the cannonading at this point, may be seen these dense masses of Russian infantry in front of the hill, through which the English soldiers had to force their way, fighting every inch of ground, before they succeeded in planting their colours on the heights of the Alma.



## OBITUARY OF OFFICERS WHO FELL AT THE ALMA.

**ABERCROMBY** (Lieutenant Robert), of the 93rd Regiment, was shot dead at the head of his company. He was, we believe, third son of Sir Robert Abercromby, Bart., of Birkenbog, Chief of the Clan. From this house descended, through a junior line, the famous Sir Ralph Abercromby.

**ANSTRUTHER** (Second Lieutenant Henry), of the 23rd Regiment—second son of the present Sir Ralph Abercrombie Anstruther, Bart., of Balcaskie, county Fife, by Mary Jane, his wife, eldest daughter of the late Major-General. Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B.—was of a race historically eminent in Scottish annals; and descended in the female line from the Hays, Marquises of Tweeddale, the Scots, Dukes of Buccleuch, the Erskines, Earls of Kellie, and the ducal house of Hamilton. His grandfather, General Robert Anstruther, one of the most accomplished soldiers of his time, commanded the rear guard of Sir John Moore's army, which he brought safely into Corunna, on the night of the 19th January, but survived only one day the extraordinary exertions he had made. He died 14th January, 1809, and lies interred in the north-east bastion of the citadel of Corunna. Lieutenant Anstruther was in his nineteenth year.

**BRAYBROOKE** (Lieutenant W. L.), attached to the 95th Regiment. This promising young officer was Lieutenant and Adjutant in the Ceylon Rifles, and, being on leave of absence, was prompted by his professional ardour to seek the opportunity of active service in the Crimea. He had obtained leave from Lord Raglan to join the 95th, and it was in the daring charge of that regiment that he met a glorious death. He was the son of Col. Braybrooke, of the Ceylon Rifles.

**BUTLER** (Lieutenant Joseph H.), of the 23rd Fusiliers, was eldest son of the late John Butler, Esq., of Rathmoyle, Queen's County. Several of our contemporaries have erroneously stated that this young officer was brother of the hero of Silistria.

**CARDEW** (Lieutenant and Adjutant), of the 19th.

**CHESTER** (Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Genge), of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, fell at the head of his regiment, and is mentioned with high commendation in Lord Raglan's despatch. The gallant Colonel was son of the late Major-General Harry Chester, of the Coldstream Guards, by Harriot, his wife, daughter of General Sir Henry Clinton, K.B., and grandson of Robert Chester, Esq., of the Middle Temple, by Harriot, his wife, daughter and co-heir of Charles Adelmare Caesar, Esq., he descendant of King James the First's Master of the Rolls, Sir Julius Caesar.

**COCKERELL** (Lieutenant Robert), of the Royal Artillery, had only attained his nineteenth year. He was third surviving son of C. R. Cockerell, Esq., R.A., of Hampstead.

**CONOLLY** (Captain J. C.), of the 23rd Regiment, was a young Irish liber.

**CUST** (Captain Horace W.), of the Coldstream Guards, Aide-de-Camp to Major-General Bentinck, received so severe a wound in the leg that amputation was necessary, from the effects of which he died during the night after the battle. He was third son of the Hon. Colonel Peregrine Francis Cust, nephew maternally of the Duke of Buccleuch, and grandson of the first Lord Brownlow. His uncle, the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, of Leasowes Castle, Cheshire, is a Major-General in the Army; and his first cousin, Captain Henry Francis Cust, was lately a Captain in the 8th Hussars, and Aide-de-Camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. To the present head of the Cust family, John William, Earl Brownlow, the great estates of the Earls of Bridgewater have fallen, by the recent decision of the House of Lords. The gallant Captain Cust, whose death we record, had just completed his 25th year.

**DEW** (Captain Armine), of the Royal Artillery, was fourth son of a Herefordshire country gentleman, the late Tomkyns Dew, Esq., of Whitney Court, in that shire. He had reached the age of 28.

**DOWDALL** (Captain George James), of the 95th Regiment, was son of Patrick Dowdall, and grandson of George Dowdall, Esq., of Cause-own, county Meath, by Catherine, his wife, eldest daughter of Patrick Drake, Esq., of Roriston, the representative of one of the oldest families in Ireland. George Dowdall, D.D., a collateral ancestor of Captain Dowdall, was Archbishop of Armagh in 1543.

**EDDINGTON** (Captain J. G.), and his brother, Lieutenant Edward Eddington, both of the same regiment—the 95th—fell together at Alma. They were the sons of the late Captain G. Eddington, formerly of the Royals.

**EVANS** (Captain Francis-Edward), of the 23rd Fusiliers, was second son of Thomas Browne Evans, Esq., of North Tuddenham, Norfolk, and Dean, Oxfordshire, by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of Sir John Simon, Bart. The gallant officer's grandfather, the late Thomas Browne Evans, Esq., was High Sheriff of Norfolk in 1795; and two of his brothers are in the military service of the East India Company.

**KINGSLEY** (Lieutenant and Adjutant H.), of the 95th, joined at Portsmouth (together with Lieutenants Eddington and Polhill), the day before the regiment embarked, after having escaped through the whole of the Kalfr war.

**LUXMORE** (Lieutenant Frederick), of the 30th Regiment, descended from an old Devonshire family, one of which (John Luxmore, Esq., of Witherdon), sat in Parliament as member for Oakhampton at the close of last century. The young officer, who fell at Alma, was the younger son of the present Rev. Charles Thomas Coryndon Luxmore, of Witherdon, Vicar of Gullfield, county Montgomery, by Frances Brooke, his wife, granddaughter of Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., of Norton Priory, county Chester. Lieutenant Luxmore was aged twenty-five.

**MONTAGU** (Lieutenant Francis Du Pré), of the 33rd Regiment, had just attained his twentieth year. He was only son of the late Lord William Francis Montagu, second son of William, fifth Duke of Manchester, by Susan, his wife, sister and co-heiress of the last Duke of Gordon. Thus, in both lines, he descended from families pre-eminently distinguished in the military records of his country.

**MONCK** (Captain the Hon. William), of the 7th Fusiliers, was younger brother of the present Viscount Monck, a popular and highly esteemed nobleman in Ireland, nephew of the late Earl of Bathdowne, and the lineal descendant of Robert Monck, the brother of John Monck of Potheridge, ancestor of the renowned General Monk, the Restorer of the Monarchy. Captain Monck was born 28th February, 1823.

**POLHILL** (Lieutenant Robert Graham), of the 95th Regiment, was 2nd son of Edward Polhill, Esq., of Brunswick-square, Brighton, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Thomas Graham, Esq., of Edmund Castle, Cumberland, a descendant of the chivalric Border family of Graham, of Esk, from which also springs the present First Lord of the Admiralty. The Polhills are an old race in Kent and Sussex; but their wealth and landed position were principally founded by Nathaniel Polhill, Esq., of Howbury-park, Beds, an eminent banker in the city of London, and a tobacco merchant in Southwark, who sat in Parliament for that borough, and died in 1784. He was great-grandfather of the young officer who so gallantly fell at the Alma.

**ROSE** (Brevet Major John Baillie), of the 55th Regiment, sprang from the distinguished Scottish house of Rose of Kilravock Castle, in the county of Nairn, to which John Baillie, King of Scotland, gave a crown charter of the Barony of Kilravock. In all times the Roses have maintained a leading position in their native country, and the gallant death of their descendant, on the heights of Alma, will not add the least brilliant name to the family pedigree. Major Rose was second son of the late Hugh Rose, Esq., of Kilravock Castle, by Katharine, his wife, daughter of Colonel John Baillie of Dunain, county Inverness. He was married to Miss Ellen Patison.

**RADCLIFFE** (Lieutenant Frederick-Peter Delmé), was eldest son of Frederick Peter Delmé Radcliffe, Esq., representative of the family residing in an unbroken line at Hithon Priory, Hert, since Henry the Eighth took that Priory from the White Carmelites, and bestowed it upon Sir Ralph Radcliffe, Knight. His paternal grandmother and maternal great aunt, the Lady Betty Delmé and the Lady Frances Radcliffe, were both sisters of Frederick Earl of Carlisle, grandfather of the present Earl; he was allied also with other noble families—the two sisters of Peter Delmé, Esq., who married the before-named Lady Betty Howard, having been Duchesses of Grafton and Lady Robert Seymour. Lieut. Radcliffe, who fell at Alma, entered the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1849, and joined the second battalion, then in Canada. He was miraculously preserved from drowning on Lake Erie, when with a detachment of the regiment, owing to a fatal collision of two steamers: one officer and forty men perished. He was within one of the top of the First Lieutenant; and on the death of Captain Suter, three days before the battle, was appointed to command No. 1, the leading company of that devoted regiment. He fell gallantly leading his men, within thirty yards of the battery; shot through the heart, and receiving several other shots, in a storm of grape and musketry, in which eight of his brave comrades also fell, most of them perished with bullets—Col. Chester and his horse having no less than seventeen. In tribute to the character and conduct of Lieut. Radcliffe, the Commander-in-Chief appointed his younger brother to the vacancy, without purchase.

**SCHAW** (Captain John George), of the 55th Regiment, was eldest son of the late George Schaw, Esq., a Glasgow merchant.

**STOCKWELL** (Ensign George Thomas Dixon), of the 19th, killed whilst carrying the colours of his regiment, was eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Stockwell, of the East India Company's service.

**WALSHAM** (Lieutenant Arthur), of the Royal Artillery, was third son of Sir John James Walsham, Bart., of Knill Court, co. Hereford, who was created a Baronet, 30th September, 1831, in consideration of his being the eldest co-heir of General Sir Thomas Morgan, Bart., whose title was conferred upon him in 1660, as a reward for his great military services. Emulating the fame of his great ancestor, Lieut. Walsham entered the Royal Artillery, and has died gloriously on the field of Alma. Lady Romilly, wife of Sir Samuel Romilly, was grand-aunt to the young officer.

**WYNN** (Captain Arthur Watkin Williams), of the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, was son of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Watkin Williams-Wynn, K.C.B., G.C.H., formerly Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Copenhagen, and nephew of the late Sir Watkin Wynn, Bart., of Wynnistay, M.P. He was born in 1819.

**YOUNG** (Lieutenant Sir William Norris), Bart., of the 23rd Regiment, had only just attained the age of twenty-one, and had been married but a few months when he met his death at the Alma. The youthful Baronet was the eldest son of the late Sir William Lawrence Young, Bart., by Caroline, his wife, daughter and co-heir of John Norris, Esq., of Hughton-house, Bucks, and fourth in descent from Sir William Young, Lieutenant-Governor of Dominica, on whom a Baronetcy was conferred in 1769. Sir William Norris Young was born 16th January, 1833; and married, 10th March, 1854, Florence, second daughter of Erving Clark, Esq., of Efford Manor, county Devon.

In addition to the officers who actually fell in action, the following died shortly after from the effects of wounds or fatigue:—

**CHEWTON**, Viscount (William Frederick Waldegrave), Captain in the Scots Fusilier Guards, survived, though desperately wounded, until the 6th October. His Lordship was eldest son and heir apparent of the present Earl Waldegrave, and grandson, maternally, of the late eloquent and distinguished statesman, Samuel Whitbread. He was born 29th June, 1816; and married, 2nd July, 1850, Frances, only daughter and heiress of the late Captain Bastard, R.N., of Sharpsham, Devon, by whom he leaves issue.

**COX** (Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus), of the Grenadier Guards, after leading his company at the Alma, proceeded with his regiment on the march to Balaklava, refusing, despite of great exhaustion, to mount a horse. His strength, at length, failed him, and he was conveyed, on a gun carriage, to the port of Balaklava, where, on board the *Caradoc*, after much suffering, he expired at four o'clock next morning. He was fourth son of R. H. Cox, Esq.

**HARE** (The Hon. Major Charles Luke), of the 7th Fusiliers, died of his wounds after the battle. The gallant officer was youngest son of the late Viscount Ennismore, and brother of the pre-ent Earl of Listowel. He entered the Army in 1836, and attained the rank of Captain in 1844. His nephew, Lord Ennismore, was severely wounded in the action, but is gradually recovering.

**HOBY** (Lieutenant-Colonel W. F.), of the 30th Regiment, honourably mentioned in the despatches of the Battle, was cut off a few days after by a sudden attack of cholera, in the prime of manhood. This gallant and distinguished officer, a native of the city of Dublin, is deeply deplored. He had been suffering from fever up to the time of his landing in the Crimea, and was strongly recommended by his medical attendant to remain on board ship, but he would land and command his regiment. This he did with great gallantry, but on the evening of the 29th he was seized with cholera, and died before morning.

**IRWINE** (Lieutenant) of the 13th Light Infantry, died at Constantinople, of cholera, on the 27th ult. He was son of the late Thomas Irwine, Esq., of Drimcong, county Galway, and nephew of the late Colonel Burke, of the 63rd.

**JOHNSTON** (Ensign William Young), of the 30th, carried the colours of his regiment and escaped, almost miraculously, the carnage of the hard-fought conflict; but on the 23rd Sept., after that severe day's march, he fell a victim to cholera, engendered by excessive fatigue. He was the youngest son of Henry George Johnston, Esq., of Fort Johnston, county Monaghan, by Maria, his wife, daughter of Walter Young, Esq. Ensign Johnston is stated to have been one of the finest men in the service, only twenty-one years of age, and six feet four inches in height.

**PATTON** (Captain Herbert), Royal Artillery, died at Balaklava, of cholera, whilst in command of a siege train on board the *Sydney* transport. He was second son of Thomas Patton, Esq., of Bishop's Hull, county Somerset.

**TYLDEN** (Brigadier-General William Burton), Commanding Engineer with the expedition to the Crimea, after serving with great distinction in the memorable conflict on the Alma; and, having been especially commended by Lord Raglan, died, two days after the battle, of cholera, accelerated by the fatigue he had endured. He was buried in the valley, under the heights of Alma; followed to the grave by a number of his fellow-soldiers, and by all the members of his staff. Brigadier-General Tylden was an old and distinguished Engineer officer. His first commission as Second Lieutenant, bears date as far back as 1806. In 1814 he served with much credit at the capture of Fort Santa Maria; and was Commanding Engineer in the action before Genoa, under Lord William Benenck. His father, the late Richard Tylden, Esq., of Milsted, in Kent, represented a very ancient family in that county; and his mother, Jane Auchmuty, was sister of the well-known General Sir Samuel Auchmuty, G.C.B. The present Major-General Sir John Maxwell Tylden, of Milsted Manor, is brother of the gallant officer whose death we record.

**WARDLAW** (Lieutenant Ramsay), of the 19th Regiment, died on the 23rd September, on board the *Andes*, from wounds received in action at the Alma. He was aged 23, the youngest son of the late Lieutenant-General Wardlaw.

Three more names close the melancholy list:—

**WELLESLEY** (Major), who died of cholera on board ship; Mr. **WORTHINGTON**, of the 33rd; and Lieutenant **WOOLECOMB**, of the 47th, who died from the very severe wounds they had received.

**A RUSSIAN COURTESY.**—A letter written from the French lines before Sebastopol states that Captain Duval de Dampierre, an orderly officer of General Bosquet, having fallen into the hands of the enemy in consequence of his horse having been killed in an ambuscade, demanded to be conducted before a Russian General officer, and begged him to send information to the French advanced posts that he was a prisoner, but not wounded, in order to tranquillise his family and friends. The Russian General, with a courtesy which does honour to one of our enemies, replied that he had full and entire confidence in the good faith of French officers, and that he should not hesitate to give him permission to go himself to inform his friends, on condition that he would engage to return immediately. M. de Dampierre accepted this favour with gratitude, and in a short time after he returned to the Russian advanced posts to redeem his promise, and place himself in captivity.

**THE BRITISH SOLDIER.**—That the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation, can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe; and, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue and wet, and the extremes of cold and heat, with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined—and three years are required to accomplish this—his port is lofty and his movements free—the world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing. Nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not, indeed, possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril. It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution, unimpaired by moral feelings. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier, conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy. No honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauds of his countrymen, his life of dangers and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink, therefore? Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, with incredible energy every opponent, and at all times prove that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him? The result of a hundred battles, and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations, have given the first place amongst the European infantry to the British, in comparison between the troops of France and England, it would be unjust not to admit that the cavalry of the former stands higher in the estimation of the world.—Sir W. Napier's "History of the Peninsular War."

## PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

Prince Menschikoff held a position upon the Alma on the 20th of September, with 42 battalions, 16 squadrons, and 84 field-pieces.\* The centre of the order of battle rested upon the edge of the steep river bank opposite the village of Burluk, the left wing upon the high ground, about a verst from the sea. The right wing was the weakest point of the position. The village of Burluk, and the contiguous vineyards in front of the position, and upon the right bank of the stream, were occupied by Rifles. In reserve, behind the centre, were the three regiments of Volhynia, Minsk (27th and 28th line 1st brigade, 14th division 5th corps), and Mo-kau (33rd line, 1st brigade, 17th division, 6th corps). Twelve battalions, with two light foot-battalions, were in reserve behind the centre; on their right the two Hussar regiments, with two horse batteries. The Uglizki (31st light) regiment was posted behind the left wing. A battalion of the reserve from the Minsk regiment was sent to occupy the village of Ulukul, behind the left of the position, close to the sea.

At midday the enemy's troops advanced towards the Alma, and boldly attacked our position. The French formed the right, the English the left; the Turks were in reserve behind the French. Both advanced in regular order, and in deployed lines, under cover of a close chain of tirailleurs. Our Rifles received the enemy with a well-directed fire, and presently a warm musketry fire was engaged along the whole front. From the beginning of the combat, the fire of the enemy's numerous rifles, with conical balls, caused great losses in our ranks. The first victims of this murderous fire were many of our commanders, which indisputably could not fail to influence the progress of the combat.

After the enemy's battalions had taken possession of the vineyards on the right bank, they formed in column, passed the stream, and deployed in despite of the uninterrupted fire of our batteries. Prince Menschikoff ordered the first line to receive the enemy with the bayonet, and to drive him back to the river. Our battalions repeatedly threw themselves forward, musket in hand, under their valiant leaders, but were each time received by the terrible volleys of musketry of the extended lines, or by that of the sharpshooters, and driven back. The enemy's infantry withstood steadfastly and dauntlessly the admirably directed fire of our artillery. The battalions in line lay down on the ground, and sought to shelter themselves by the inequalities, until their Rifles had shot down our gunners. The whole of the men and horses of one of our divisions of artillery were levelled with the earth. During the obstinate struggle in the centre of the position and on our right, the left wing, notwithstanding its distance from the sea, was cut up by the guns of the fleet. Under cover of this fire, a French column, at the head of which were the African troops (Zouaves), crossed the Alma valley near the sea-shore, and pushed rapidly forward, by almost imperceptible paths, along the narrow ridges to the summit of the heights. The appearance of these troops on our flank, and almost in our rear, obliged Prince Menschikoff to throw forward the Moskau and Minsk regiments from the reserve, together with a squadron of Hussars. But the French had already succeeded in bringing a battery up to the heights, which received our reserves with a hot fire. The two regiments were compelled to retire. As Prince Menschikoff now saw that his left flank was turned, and that his centre and right, after the heavy losses they had sustained, could no longer hold their ground, he ordered all the troops to fall back upon the Katscha. He pushed forward the Hussar brigade to cover his retreat. This measure, and perhaps the considerable loss which the enemy must have sustained, prevented pursuit. He remained on the Alma river, and our troops only crossed the Katscha at midnight.

In this bloody engagement both sides have suffered severely. On our side 1762 men were killed, 2315 wounded, and 405 received contusions; making, with about 500 prisoners, nearly 5000 *hors de combat*. Among the killed are 45 mounted and other officers; among the wounded, four Generals (Lieutenant-General Kwisinski, commanding 16th Division; Major-General Schtchelkanoff, commanding a Brigade of that Division; Major-General Goginoff, commanding a Brigade of 17th Division; and Major-General Kurtjanoff, commanding Moskau Regiment), with 96 staff and other officers. The loss of the enemy is not known; but, according to some reports, it exceeds our own. At all events, the obstinate advance of his battalions under the hail-storm of our cannon-balls and grape, must have cost him dear.—*St. Petersburg Journal*.

\* It is not fair to average the battalions at more than 800 men, which would give 23,600 bayonets, 2000 sabres, and about 2000 artillerymen; or, including Cossacks, about 39,000 combatants.

## THE HALL OF A THOUSAND AND ONE COLUMNS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

Several months since, a representation of the ancient subterranean reservoir at Constantinople, known as "the Hall of the Thousand and One Columns," appeared in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, and your artistic Correspondent invited a communication from any person able to explain the origin and purpose of that remarkable relic of antiquity.

So many modern writers have noticed this gigantic Byzantine cistern in their accounts of the "Nova Roma" of the East, that one would have thought the purpose of its construction must be well known. But as I have not observed any subsequent communication in your column on the subject of this extensive and extraordinary work, allow me to send a few extracts and references which I see on looking through my "Common-place Book."

The most recent writer whose work I have read (M. Gautier, in his "Constantinople of To-day"), gives, perhaps, the fullest description of it. His account is as follows:—

"At some distance from the Atmeidan (the ancient Hippodrome) gapes the cavernous entrance of the great Cistern of a Thousand and One Columns. The Turks call it Ben-Bir-Dereck—the thousand and one columns—although there are, in fact, but 224 pillars. These columns of white marble are surmounted by large capitals of a barbarous Corinthian style, supporting arches, and forming numerous aisles with their ranges. They have a projection three or four feet from their base, which shows the height to which the water rose, and which formed their apparent base when the reservoir was filled. There are some sculptures faintly discernible upon the capitals of the columns, Byzantine hieroglyphics, the meaning of which is unknown. An *Epsilon* and a *Phi*, which are often repeated, are rendered by the words "Enge Philoxena," signifying that this cistern served for strangers. It was built by Constantine, whose monogram is apparent on the large Roman bricks which form the arches, and on the shafts of many of the columns."

The Rev. R. Walsh, in his "Residence at Constantinople" (London, 8vo, 1836), gives (vol. ii., p. 100), representations of the monograms which he observed deeply cut on the pillars, and he says:—

"Every single pillar seemed as if formed of two, one standing on the other, and each having its own capital. We were informed that another range of columns stood below, on which the visible ones rested. If each column be reckoned as three, the number is 636, but the Orientals apply the term 'thousand and one,' to express an indefinite number, as in calling the Arabian tales the 'Thousand and One Nights.'"

This remark is corroborated by Sir Charles Fellows, in his very interesting "Travels in Asia Minor" (London, 8vo, 1832), where he observes that of the term "thousand and one," as applied to numbers not ascertained, there are many instances. Besides the famous "Thousand and One Nights," he instances a mass of ruins of Christian edifices, called the "Thousand and One Churches," and "some curious remains of antiquity at Constantinople, called the 'Cistern of a Thousand and One Columns.'"

This remarkable work is also mentioned in "Letters from the East," and other books which it is unnecessary to refer to. It has been computed capable of containing 1,237,939 cubic feet of water—a supply for the inhabitants for sixty days. The water has long disappeared. At present (says M. Gautier) some Jews and Armenians have established a silk manufactory here. The earth has been raised by the accumulation of the dust of centuries, the crumbling of the roof, and *detritus* of all sorts, and the cistern must formerly have been much deeper than it now appears. The descent is by a wooden staircase. There reigns in this subterranean region, a half-lighted and half-buried in profound shadow, an icy coldness which chills the visitor, and he pities the poor work-people patiently pursuing their tasks like gnomes or kobolds, in this cold and dreary cavern.—*Constantinople of To-day*, p. 317.

Of its coldness, Mr. Walsh gives some measure, for he remarks:— "When we ascended again, the atmosphere felt like the breath of heated oven against our faces."

will not occupy your space by any further extracts relating to this curious monument of ancient Constantinople, whose inhabitants probably drew from its "sunless sea" an unfailing supply during "the thousand and one years" of the Eastern Empire.—I am, &c., W. S. G.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct., 1854



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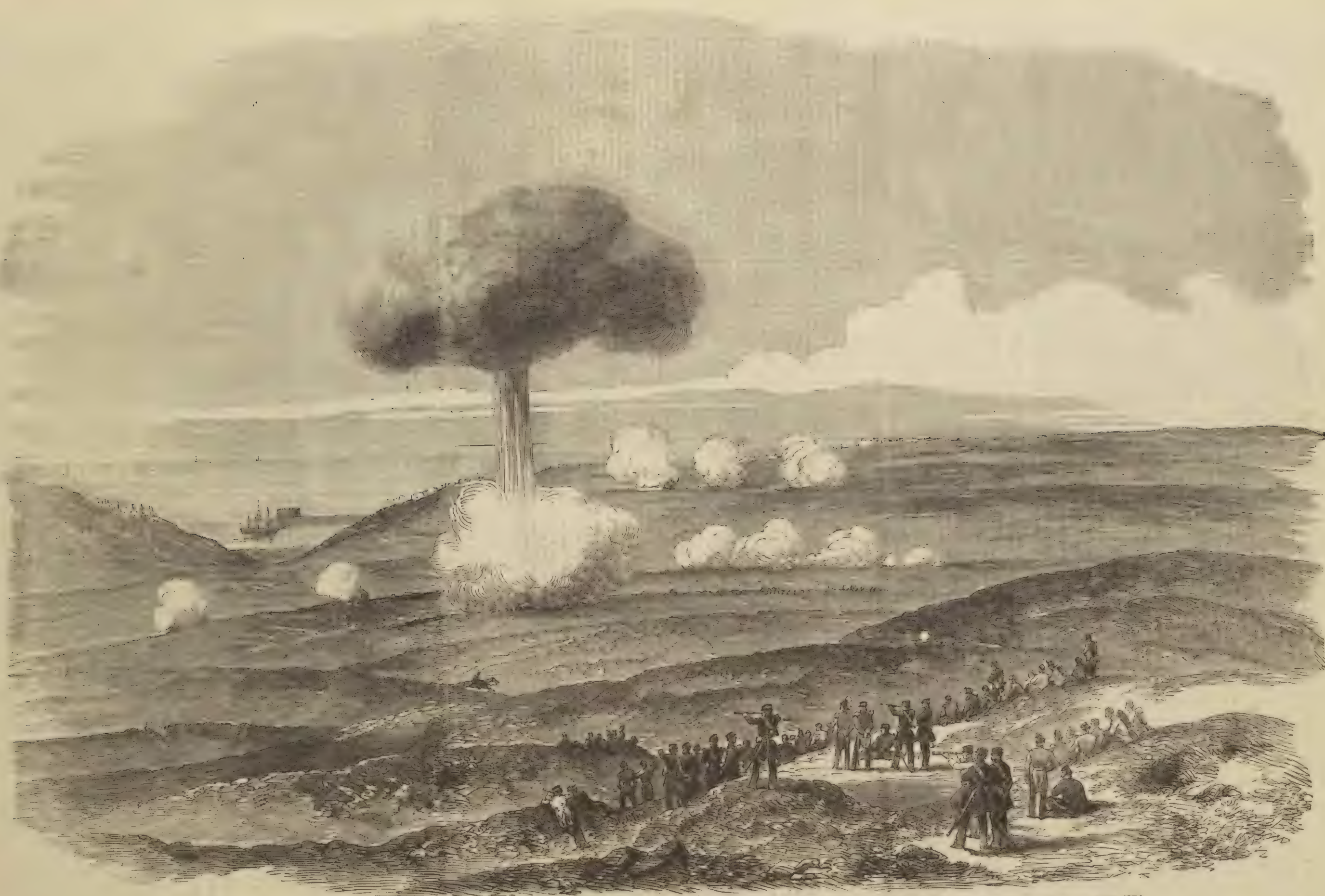
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THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.—EXPLOSION OF A POWDER MAGAZINE IN THE ENGLISH TRENCHES.—(SEE CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER, PAGE 487.)





THE "AGAMEMNON" AND "SANSPAREIL" ATTACKING SEBASTOPOL.

# BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.

## ATTACK OF FORTS CONSTANTINE AND ALEXANDER BY THE ENGLISH SQUADRON.

Off the Crimea, Oct. 23.

As the eyes of the world at the present moment are directed to the Crimea, and as the great question of Sevastopol being invincible is still in doubt, while our people at home are anxiously inquiring when the long-looked-for object will be accomplished,—a few remarks as regards the state of affairs may not be without interest. On Tuesday, 17th, the trenches being ready, at 6.30 a roar of cannon commenced, which was kept up without a moment's cessation during the day. It had been decided on the night previous, that the fleet should act in concert, and make an attack on Forts Constantine and Alexander. The sun shone most gloriously, and one quite enjoyed the cheerful morning, as the mist rolled away before a warm sun. The morning was spent by the ships in the combined fleet in clearing for action, and stowing everything below; while some were busy in arranging shot, sanding the decks, getting all useless spars out of the way, and preparing for a warm struggle with the frowning forts. At 10.50 the



BAR-SHOT, WHICH STRUCK THE FORE-YARD OF THE "AGAMEMNON."

Agamemnon weighed, and the English squadron followed her in the following order:—

|              |              |                 |
|--------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Sanspareil.  | London ..    | towed by Niger. |
| Albion ..    | Vengeance .. | " Hightower.    |
| Queen ..     | Vesuvius.    | Rodney ..       |
| Britannia .. | Furious.     | Bellerophon ..  |
| Trafalgar .. | Retribution. | Arethusa ..     |
|              |              | " Triton.       |

With Samson, Tribune, Terrible, Sphinx, Lynx, and Spitfire as look-out ships. The French weighed a little earlier, and proceeded towards the South Forts. At 1.10 the batteries opened fire on the French, which was quickly returned, but the shot appeared to fall short. At 1.20 the Agamemnon began to draw close to the land, and opened fire from her large pivot gun on the "Wasp" Fort, to try the range, which the Fort instantly replied to; and in a few minutes more, a large mud battery—Fort Constantine and Fort Alexander—opened their guns, as the ship drew into her station. She appeared to suffer fearfully at this time. At two o'clock the Agamemnon anchored head and stern in quarter less five fathoms, 750 yards off, and opened her port broadside on Fort Constantine. At 2.5 the Sanspareil and London anchored stern, and opened on the new batteries, on the cliff by the Telegraph Station and "Wasp" Fort; and at 2.20 the Albion anchored and engaged the "Wasp." At 2.32 the action became general. The Britannia was some way out in 15 fathoms of water, and 2300 yards off, opening fire. At 3.20 the Albion was seen to haul off, being on fire, and having suffered



OPENING OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF SEBASTOPOL.—CHAPMAN'S BATTERY.—(SEE CORRESPONDENT'S LETTER, PAGE 487.)



1904-1905-1, wounded, 2,  
 1906-1907-1, wounded, 8,  
 1908-1909-1, wounded, 4,  
 1910-1911-1, wounded, 4,  
 1912-1913-1, wounded, 4,  
 1914-1915-1, wounded, 4,  
 1916-1917-1, wounded, 4,  
 1918-1919-1, wounded, 4,  
 1920-1921-1, wounded, 4,  
 1922-1923-1, wounded, 4,  
 1924-1925-1, wounded, 4,  
 1926-1927-1, wounded, 4,  
 1928-1929-1, wounded, 4,  
 1930-1931-1, wounded, 4,  
 1932-1933-1, wounded, 4,  
 1934-1935-1, wounded, 4,  
 1936-1937-1, wounded, 4,  
 1938-1939-1, wounded, 4,  
 1940-1941-1, wounded, 4,  
 1942-1943-1, wounded, 4,  
 1944-1945-1, wounded, 4,  
 1946-1947-1, wounded, 4,  
 1948-1949-1, wounded, 4,  
 1950-1951-1, wounded, 4,  
 1952-1953-1, wounded, 4,  
 1954-1955-1, wounded, 4,  
 1956-1957-1, wounded, 4,  
 1958-1959-1, wounded, 4,  
 1960-1961-1, wounded, 4,  
 1962-1963-1, wounded, 4,  
 1964-1965-1, wounded, 4,  
 1966-1967-1, wounded, 4,  
 1968-1969-1, wounded, 4,  
 1970-1971-1, wounded, 4,  
 1972-1973-1, wounded, 4,  
 1974-1975-1, wounded, 4,  
 1976-1977-1, wounded, 4,  
 1978-1979-1, wounded, 4,  
 1980-1981-1, wounded, 4,  
 1982-1983-1, wounded, 4,  
 1984-1985-1, wounded, 4,  
 1986-1987-1, wounded, 4,  
 1988-1989-1, wounded, 4,  
 1990-1991-1, wounded, 4,  
 1992-1993-1, wounded, 4,  
 1994-1995-1, wounded, 4,  
 1996-1997-1, wounded, 4,  
 1998-1999-1, wounded, 4,  
 2000-2001-1, wounded, 4,  
 2002-2003-1, wounded, 4,  
 2004-2005-1, wounded, 4,  
 2006-2007-1, wounded, 4,  
 2008-2009-1, wounded, 4,  
 2010-2011-1, wounded, 4,  
 2012-2013-1, wounded, 4,  
 2014-2015-1, wounded, 4,  
 2016-2017-1, wounded, 4,  
 2018-2019-1, wounded, 4,  
 2020-2021-1, wounded, 4,  
 2022-2023-1, wounded, 4,  
 2024-2025-1, wounded, 4,  
 2026-2027-1, wounded, 4,  
 2028-2029-1, wounded, 4,  
 2030-2031-1, wounded, 4,  
 2032-2033-1, wounded, 4,  
 2034-2035-1, wounded, 4,  
 2036-2037-1, wounded, 4,  
 2038-2039-1, wounded, 4,  
 2040-2041-1, wounded, 4,  
 2042-2043-1, wounded, 4,  
 2044-2045-1, wounded, 4,  
 2046-2047-1, wounded, 4,  
 2048-2049-1, wounded, 4,  
 2050-2051-1, wounded, 4,  
 2052-2053-1, wounded, 4,  
 2054-2055-1, wounded, 4,  
 2056-2057-1, wounded, 4,  
 2058-2059-1, wounded, 4,  
 2060-2061-1, wounded, 4,  
 2062-2063-1, wounded, 4,  
 2064-2065-1, wounded, 4,  
 2066-2067-1, wounded, 4,  
 2068-2069-1, wounded, 4,  
 2070-2071-1, wounded, 4,  
 2072-2073-1, wounded, 4,  
 2074-2075-1, wounded, 4,  
 2076-2077-1, wounded, 4,  
 2078-2079-1, wounded, 4,  
 2080-2081-1, wounded, 4,  
 2082-2083-1, wounded, 4,  
 2084-2085-1, wounded, 4,  
 2086-2087-1, wounded, 4,  
 2088-2089-1, wounded, 4,  
 2090-2091-1, wounded, 4,  
 2092-2093-1, wounded, 4,  
 2094-2095-1, wounded, 4,  
 2096-2097-1, wounded, 4,  
 2098-2099-1, wounded, 4,  
 2100-2101-1, wounded, 4,  
 2102-2103-1, wounded, 4,  
 2104-2105-1, wounded, 4,  
 2106-2107-1, wounded, 4,  
 2108-2109-1, wounded, 4,  
 2110-2111-1, wounded, 4,  
 2112-2113-1, wounded, 4,  
 2114-2115-1, wounded, 4,  
 2116-2117-1, wounded, 4,  
 2118-2119-1, wounded, 4,  
 2120-2121-1, wounded, 4,  
 2122-2123-1, wounded, 4,  
 2124-2125-1, wounded, 4,  
 2126-2127-1, wounded, 4,  
 2128-2129-1, wounded, 4,  
 2130-2131-1, wounded, 4,  
 2132-2133-1, wounded, 4,  
 2134-2135-1, wounded, 4,  
 2136-2137-1, wounded, 4,  
 2138-2139-1, wounded, 4,  
 2140-2141-1, wounded, 4,  
 2142-2143-1, wounded, 4,  
 2144-2145-1, wounded, 4,  
 2146-2147-1, wounded, 4,  
 2148-2149-1, wounded, 4,  
 2150-2151-1, wounded, 4,  
 2152-2153-1, wounded, 4,  
 2154-2155-1, wounded, 4,  
 2156-2157-1, wounded, 4,  
 2158-2159-1, wounded, 4,  
 2160-2161-1, wounded, 4,  
 2162-2163-1, wounded, 4,  
 2164-2165-1, wounded, 4,  
 2166-2167-1, wounded, 4,  
 2168-2169-1, wounded, 4,  
 2170-2171-1, wounded, 4,  
 2172-2173-1, wounded, 4,  
 2174-2175-1, wounded, 4,  
 2176-2177-1, wounded, 4,  
 2178-2179-1, wounded, 4,  
 2180-2181-1, wounded, 4,  
 2182-2183-1, wounded, 4,  
 2184-2185-1, wounded, 4,  
 2186-2187-1, wounded, 4,  
 2188-2189-1, wounded, 4,  
 2190-2191-1, wounded, 4,  
 2192-2193-1, wounded, 4,  
 2194-2195-1, wounded, 4,  
 2196-2197-1, wounded, 4,  
 2198-2199-1, wounded, 4,  
 2200-2201-1, wounded, 4,  
 2202-2203-1, wounded, 4,  
 2204-2205-1, wounded, 4,  
 2206-2207-1, wounded, 4,  
 2208-2209-1, wounded, 4,  
 2210-2211-1, wounded, 4,  
 2212-2213-1, wounded, 4,  
 2214-2215-1, wounded, 4,  
 2216-2217-1, wounded, 4,  
 2218-2219-1, wounded, 4,  
 2220-2221-1, wounded, 4,  
 2222-2223-1, wounded, 4,  
 2224-2225-1, wounded, 4,  
 2226-2227-1, wounded, 4,  
 2228-2229-1, wounded, 4,  
 2230-2231-1, wounded, 4,  
 2232-2233-1, wounded, 4,  
 2234-2235-1, wounded, 4,  
 2236-2237-1, wounded, 4,  
 2238-2239-1, wounded, 4,  
 2240-2241-1, wounded, 4,  
 2242-2243-1, wounded, 4,  
 2244-2245-1, wounded, 4,  
 2246-2247-1, wounded, 4,  
 2248-2249-1, wounded, 4,  
 2250-2251-1, wounded, 4,  
 2252-2253-1, wounded, 4,  
 2254-2255-1, wounded, 4,  
 2256-2257-1, wounded, 4,  
 2258-2259-1, wounded, 4,  
 2260-2261-1, wounded, 4,  
 2262-2263-1, wounded, 4,  
 2264-2265-1, wounded, 4,  
 2266-2267-1, wounded, 4,  
 2268-2269-1, wounded, 4,  
 2270-2271-1, wounded, 4,  
 2272-2273-1, wounded, 4,  
 2274-2275-1, wounded, 4,



## Admiralty, Midnight, Nov. 6, 1854.

A despatch, of which the following is a copy, has this night been received at the Admiralty:—

*Britannia*, off the Katscha, 23rd October, 1854.

Sir,—I beg to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that, since my letter of the 18th instant, the fleet batteries have continued their fire against the Russian works, which appear to have suffered much, and the fire slackened, although it is considerable.

2. The Naval Brigade are doing good service, and up to the 20th had a loss of 12 killed and 53 wounded, as per annexed list. By the desire of Lord Raglan, I have reinforced them by 410 officers and seamen, and placed Lord John Hay in the *Wasp*, under the orders of Captain Lushington.

3. Captain Brock, at Eupatoria, supported by the *Leander* and *Megara*, has maintained his position well, although threatened and attacked by heavy bodies of cavalry, with guns; we have drawn large supplies from there, but as the Russians are destroying all the villages, I fear they will in future become very scanty and uncertain.

4. Since the action of the 17th the enemy have been working incessantly in repairing their batteries, and in constructing new works on the north side of the harbour, commanding the approaches by sea and land.

5. I have sent the *Albion* and *Arethusa* to Constantinople to repair; the other ships of the fleet have fished their masts, &c., and are ready for service.

6. The *Lynx*, *Sphinx*, *Stromboli*, and *Viper*, have arrived.

7. The weather hitherto has been very favourable, and the crews of the ships are generally healthy.

8. The English and French Steam Division still continue in the Bay of Odessa, actively employed in preventing communication with the Crimea.

I have, &c., (Signed) J. W. D. DUNDAS, Vice-Admiral.

To the Secretary of the Admiralty, &c.

# LIST OF KILLED AND WOUNDED IN THE NAVAL BRIGADE ENGAGED IN FRONT OF SEBASTOPOL, DURING THE SIX DAYS ENDING OCTOBER 23, 1854.

## "BRITANNIA."

KILLED.—Mr. George Gresham, Lieutenant; William Taylor, A.B.  
WOUNDED.—James Brown, boatswain's mate; Thomas M'Creedy, Edward Lattoo, Francis Lewis, Bernard Killarney, Richard Hudd (or Haines), A.B.'s; Thomas Wrenn, carp. crew.

## "ALBION."

KILLED.—Sidney Smith, A.B.  
WOUNDED.—William M. Dowell, Lieutenant; Richard Wallace, William Hall, Henry Fidoor, John Foster, Wm. Wheeler, A.B.'s; George Lowe (or Bone), Charles Murphy, ordinaries.

## "QUEEN."

KILLED.—John McCopple, A.B.; Alfred Borecher, ordinary.  
WOUNDED.—Mr. W. Mac Isary, mate; Joseph Maclin, Thomas Bush (since dead), A.B.'s; Richard Smith, George James, William Chas. John, John Faithful, Nicholas Smith, Samuel Dine, ordinaries; Edward Hallet, carpenter crew.

## "TRAFALGAR."

KILLED.—Charles Wilding, A.B.  
WOUNDED.—Mr. Norman, Lieutenant; Mr. Ed. Bullock, Mr. S. T. Bullock, mates; Thomas Ferguson, Richard O'Brien, A.B.'s; William Hurds, Joseph Paddiford, Thomas Cook, ordinaries.

## "BELLEROPHON."

KILLED.—Fras. Vincent, A.B.  
WOUNDED.—Thos. Haddon, John Cart's, John Cosey, James Frowde, Wm. Alexander, Cerna, Matthews, Henry Patterson, Wm. Bapple, A.B.'s.

## "VENGEANCE."

WOUNDED.—Mr. Geo. Lyons (or Lyon), mate; Jas. Murdock, carp. foretop; Thos. Phillips, Saml. Lampin, Geo. Roberts, A.B.'s.

## "LONDON."

FILLED.—John Carter, John Anderson, A.B's.  
WOUNDED.—Hen. C. B. Rubven, Lieutenant; John Gilham, James Murray, A.B.'s.

## "RODNEY."

WOUNDED.—James Archer, John Fellen, A.B.'s.

## "DIAMOND."

KILLED.—Edward Churchill, William Lakeman, captains main-top.  
WOUNDED.—Alfred Mitchell, Lieutenant; James Logarthen (or Treas'-hen), boatswain's mate; W. M. Capt. William Watson, William Hogkins, Thomas Symes, George Thompson, John Buchan, Nathaniel Anthony, William Downing, A.B.'s; Arthur Knott, C.M.

## "ARETHUSA."

KILLED.—Michael Blakoney, A.B.; Joseph Brown, sailmaker's crew.  
WOUNDED.—Thomas Lander (or Lenden), William Thomas, A.B.'s.

## "BEAGLE."

WOUNDED.—Austin Rae (or Rice), A.B.

## "FIREBRAND."

WOUNDED.—William Moore, Captain.

## "ABSTRACT."

*Britannia*—Killed, 2; wounded, 7.  
*Albion*—Killed, 1; wounded, 5.  
*Queen*—Killed, 2; wounded, 13.  
*Trafalgar*—Killed, 1; wounded, 8.  
*Bellerophon*—Killed, 1; wounded, 8.  
*Vengeance*—Killed, 1; wounded, 8.  
*London*—Killed, 1; wounded, 3.  
*Rodney*—Killed, 2; wounded, 2.  
*Diamond*—Killed, 2; wounded, 11.  
*Arethusa*—Killed, 2; wounded, 3.  
*Beagle*—Killed, 1; wounded, 1.  
*Firebrand*—Wounded, 1.

TOTAL—Killed, 12; wounded, 66.

STEPHEN LUSHINGTON, Captain Commanding Naval Brigade.  
The Military Secretary to H. E. Lord Raglan,  
Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

# FRENCH OFFICIAL DESPATCHES FROM THE CRIMEA.

The Marshal, Minister of War, has received from General Canrobert Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the East, the following report, dated Head-quarters before Sebastopol, Oct. 18, 1854:—

## DESPATCH FROM GENERAL CANROBERT.

Monsieur le Maréchal.—Yesterday, at sunrise, we opened fire, in concert with the English army. Matters were going on well, when the explosion of a powder-magazine belonging to a battery—which, unhappily was a large one—created some disturbance to our attack. This explosion had the more effect, as our batteries were accumulated round the spot where it took place. The enemy took advantage of it to increase their fire; and, after consulting the General commanding the artillery, I deemed it advisable to suspend our fire to repair our damage, and complete our armament, by new batteries, nearer to the English lines, our system of attack.

This delay is certainly much to be regretted, but cannot be helped; and I am taking every means to render it as short as possible.

The city has withstood the fire much better than was expected. The *enceinte*, in its enormous development in a straight line, carrying all that it receives in heavy calibre from the fleet, allows it to prolong the struggle. On the 17th our troops took possession of the plateau situated in front of the point of attack, called the *bastion*, and occupy it. This evening we constructed there a masked battery of twelve guns, and if possible a second battery at the extreme right, above the declivity.

All our means of attack are concentrated on this bastion, and will, I hope, soon clear it, with the assistance of the English batteries, which take it in the flank.

Yesterday, about ten a.m., the Allied fleets attacked the exterior batteries of the place; but I have not yet received the reports to enable me to give you an account of the results of that attack.

The English batteries are in the best possible condition; they have received new mortars, which will have great effect; yesterday, in the battery which surrounds the tower situated on the left of the town, an immense explosion took place, which must have done great hurt to the enemy. Since then the fire of that battery has been very slack, and this morning only a few guns were able to fire from it.

I have no precise news of the Russian army. There is nothing to indicate that it has modified the position in which it awaits reinforcements.

I received nearly all the infantry reinforcements I expected from Gallipoli and Varna. General Le Vaillant has just arrived with his *état-major*, which to increase five divisions of infantry, the army I command.

The health of the troops is very satisfactory, their moral condition excellent, and we are full of confidence.

## DESPATCH FROM ADMIRAL HAMELIN.

The Government has received the following despatch from Vice-Admiral Hamelin:—

Monsieur le Ministre,—By my letter of the 13th of October, I announced to your Excellency that, with all my Staff, I went on board the *Mogador* frigate to cast anchor as near as possible to the French head-quarters, and to combine with the Commander-in-Chief a general attack by land and sea against Sebastopol, as soon as the siege batteries should open fire. On the 14th I had an interview with General Canrobert, whose views coincided with mine.

On the 15th a council of the Admirals of the combined squadrons was held on board the *Mogador*, and the dispositions for a general attack were agreed upon, and then submitted to the Generals of the army of land, who at once agreed to them.

This general attack was fixed for the 17th, the day upon which the siege batteries were to open fire.

As regards the squadrons, it was to take place as follows:—

The French squadron undertook to face the breakers on the south, and take up a position at about seven cables' length from the 350 guns of the Quarantine Battery, from the two batteries of Fort Alexander and the Artillery Battery.

The English squadron, about the same distance, was to face the 130 guns of Fort Constantine, the Telegraph Battery, and the Maximilian Tower, to the north.

If your Excellency will imagine a line drawn along the entrance of Sebastopol, from east to west, that line separates in two parts the position of attack of each squadron.

The Turkish Admiral, with the only two line-of-battle ships actually at his disposal, was to cast anchor at the north of the two French lines, that is to say, in an intermediary position between the English and French vessels.

On the morning of the 17th inst. the siege batteries opened fire; but the weather being calm it became necessary for the steam-frigates to take the line in tow before the line of twenty-six vessels could be formed before Sebastopol. Notwithstanding this difficulty, and the breaking up of the French line which it caused, as one position was anchored at Kamiesh and another before the Katscha, I have the satisfaction to inform your Excellency that the vessels of our first line advanced, about half-past twelve in the day, under the fire of the batteries of Sebastopol, which they breasted for nearly half an hour without replying to: they then opened their fire in reply, but suffered some inconvenience owing to their small number. Later, the other English and French vessels came up, and the attack became general.

At about half-past two the fire of the Russian batteries slackened: the Quarantine Battery was silent. This was the chief object of the French squadron. Our fire was redoubled, and continued till nightfall.

At the moment I am writing to your Excellency I am ignorant of the success of our siege batteries, which opened their fire the same time that we did against the Russian land batteries.

If the Russians had not closed the entrance to Sebastopol by sinking five vessels and two frigates, I do not doubt that the Allied squadrons, after the first fire, could have successfully run in and placed themselves in communication with the land army. Perhaps they would not have suffered a greater loss than we have now to lament, but the extreme measure adopted by the enemy to sacrifice a portion of their fleet obliges us to content ourselves with keeping up a five hours' cannonade against the sea batteries of Sebastopol, with a view to silencing them for a time, and to occupy a portion of the garrison at their guns, and thereby to afford material and moral aid to our land army.

To-day, the 18th October, I have only time to give your Excellency a general idea of this affair, which, in my opinion, does great honour to the French navy. I subjoin a list of killed and wounded on board each ship. I will send shortly a detailed account of the attack, and the part taken by each vessel.

At the commencement of the action the enthusiasm was extreme; during the action it was no less so. Before opening fire I made the signal, "France observes you." This was replied to by shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!"

I am, with profound respect, Monsieur le Ministre, your very obedient servant,

Vice Admiral Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean squadron,

HAMELIN.

USE OF A PLAID IN BATTLE.—A letter was received a few days ago by a draper in Inverness, in which occurs the following curious circumstance:—"The big rough plaid which we got some time ago for Captain Campbell, 23rd Regiment, saved his life at the Alma, as he found several bullets in it after he was carried off the field on the 20th September."

ALMA AND ALBUERA.—The battle on the Alma has been treated as an almost unexampled instance of frightful carnage in so short a space of time. The slaughter was greater at Albuera; and here is the proof. At that memorable conflict, which lasted under four hours, there were 32 British officers killed, and 163 wounded. The rank and file and non-commissioned officers killed were 864 in number; and there were 2467 wounded. The Portuguese regiments had 2 officers killed and 16 wounded, and 100 soldiers killed and 243 wounded. Total killed and wounded, 3781; about double the number of the Alma casualties. Besides these, about 600 men were taken prisoners.

BRITISH FEELING IN CANADA.—On receiving the news of the triumph of the Allied armies in the Crimea, the House of Assembly in Canada unanimously adjourned for the evening, in order to mark the occasion of the glorious achievement. The motion made by the Premier, Sir Allan M'Nab, was carried by both sides of the House rising simultaneously, and cheering their hearty approval.

A STONING MATCH.—Our skirmishers did good work on the second day of the siege. The Russian skirmishers were completely driven back by the superior skill and activity of our men. A man of the rifles was seen to pick off eight men in succession from a Russian battery. The skirmishers, in fact, found their work so exciting and agreeable to their feelings, that, on being relieved, they expressed much regret. Towards dark, a party of ten men, belonging to the 33rd, found themselves without a single cartridge left. Returning home, they encountered a dozen Russian skirmishers, who had likewise expended all their ammunition. The two parties looked at one another with great astonishment, both expecting a volley. At length an impatient Russian took up a large stone and flung it into the midst of the Russians. The example was followed on both sides, and the original spectacle of a stone-throwing match now offered itself. The English at length became tired of the exercise, and charged the Russians with the bayonet, with which the latter, with very good judgment, declined to be tickled, and consequently retired.

THE WORKS ROUND SEBASTOPOL.—We have before us a sketch of the works of circumvallation executed by the army now engaged in the siege of Sebastopol; and, without pretending to give our readers a perfectly correct idea of them, we will describe them as summarily as possible. It must first be recollected that the place is not defended on the side of the attack by regular works. The southern side being lined with inaccessible rocks, the engine is charged with forcing the Sebastopol never dreamt of the possibility of a landing in that direction. There is, consequently, no *enceinte* *continue*, properly speaking. The town, however, is protected on that side by a crenelated wall, with a ditch and some advanced earthworks, hastily thrown up, and which the garrison has actively laboured to complete since the bold manoeuvre by which, after the battle of the Alma, the Allied troops moved from the north to the south of the place. At some distance in front of those works stand three large towers, faced with masonry, communicated together by works provided with bastions, forming a kind of imperfect half-moon. The portion of the city thus attacked by the Allied army contains the barracks and the prison, situated at its highest point. To the east is the harbour, and beyond it the quarter inhabited by the seamen, against which the English attack is particularly directed. To the west are a cemetery and a lazaretto, opposite the French line of attack. The three towers are in advance of these positions, and it is on them the fire of our batteries must first be brought to bear. The line of circumvallation forms a sort of semicircle the left of which rests on the bay of Chersonesus, where we landed our *siege matériel*. The right extends to the river Ichernaya, in advance of the road by which the army marched upon Balaklava, when it turned the round by which the half-moon is formed by the towers, the French army will have to silence the forts of Alexander and the Quarantine, erected for the defence of the place on the sea-side. They, however, also protect the south, and it will be necessary to silence their fire.—*Moniteur de l'Armée*.

SOLDIERS' SUPERSTITION.—When the 93rd Highlanders embarked at Plymouth for the seat of war, they were in great dependency owing to their being accompanied by the 4th Regiment, which sailed with them in the time of the Peninsular War, in which they were almost decimated.

## THE

## SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Heights above Sebastopol, Oct. 16, 1854.

THE siege of Sebastopol bids fair to rank as the most remarkable operation in the annals of modern warfare. It is true we are no longer at a time when sieges were carried on with guns of small calibre, requiring a near approach to the wall to be effective against them. All the science of first parallel and second parallel is growing old, and armies, when they have advanced within 900 yards of stone walls, find that they are as close as they require; and, that with heavy 95 cwt. pieces, they can batter and breach to such purpose, that the work of a fortnight in the olden time is completed in twenty-four hours. But, whilst it is fully admitted that the use of our enormous guns forms a new era in the history of sieges, it is equally certain that in no instance have besieging armies been placed in front of works so heavily armed as the batteries of the Russians in Sebastopol. Novelty beget novelty. In the old sieges, of which we have all read descriptions, we are told of batteries opened at 800 yards, containing four or five guns, and commencing breaches upon fixed points. The business of the besieged was to repair as fast as possible during the night the damage done by the besiegers during the day, or to make at the necessary arrangements for rendering the breach as dangerous as possible to the parties told off for the assault. Now, however, we are not content with attacking one of the enemy's works in the manner which time and the art of sieges has taught; but we make a general onslaught on the whole fortress at once: so at least, our leaders intend to act against Sebastopol—a place of great strength, doubtless, but not fortified according to the rules by which inland fortresses are strengthened. There is this disadvantage in the delay required to erect the numerous batteries intended to act simultaneously against Sebastopol—that it gives the enemy time to meet the danger which threatens him, and to erect new works in positions previously unoccupied. Thus the Russians, since the beginning of the attack by the Allies, have commenced erecting works which, if they were to be completed in time, would do serious damage by enfilading our trenches. They were partially successful in an attempt of this sort made upon the French works, and it behoved our allies speedily to make arrangements to defeat this new movement. But all will be of no avail against the tremendous energy of the besiegers, who, by working with extraordinary vigour, have so far brought their efforts to a satisfactory termination, that the delay and impediments placed in the way by the enemy, as well as by the natural difficulties of the ground, will only retard for a brief space the complete destruction of all the Russian defences.

The operations carried on by the Allies have been divided into three. We shall have simultaneously, Gordon's attack from the extreme right, and Chapman's attack from the extreme left. The third attack is that of the French, who are nearer to the town than we are, but whose means in the shape of guns of heavy calibre, are not so powerful as ours. Gordon's attack consists of two enormous batteries of which I have already given you a partial description. On the brow of a hill which the sides slope down to a gorge leading to Sebastopol, is the first of our redoubts. Immediately in front of it lie several of the large ships of war, which it is our particular object to destroy. Upon the level of a work heavily armed plays directly upon the front of our battery, whilst on the left the circular tower and its outer works, throw shot and shell right merrily. This, our extreme right battery, is armed with four 64-pounders from the *Terrible*, one Lancaster gun from the *Beagle*, and two 10-inch mortars. It is so admirably traced out that every shot which ricochets from the earth works in front of the Russian circular fort, and every shell which goes beyond that fort, will hit or damage other works situated behind, or strike into the middle of the military buildings of the town. The hills which form the opposite side of the gorge, are a great advantage to us by affording cover to our pickets on the extreme right, sheltered as they are from the fire of the batteries at the end of Sebastopol harbour. These batteries, however, to annoy us considerably; for, though they cannot see either pickets or redoubts, they fire over the hill at random and cover a great deal of ground with their shot and shell. When a redoubt shows itself in this direction, Cossacks, who line the distant hills, are seen to wave small flags as signals, and forthwith a three-gun battery begins to play, and throws its projectiles at various angles, so as to cover at least forty-five degrees of ground; whilst, at the same time, a nasty spout of a steamer treats the crest of the hill to shrapnel, which rattles about amongst the bushes with wonderful vivacity.

The second battery in Gordon's attack is much nearer the town than the first. It is built on the brow of an undulation, behind which is a hill parallel to those on its right. One front of the work faces a Russian redan, or earthwork, from which it is distant 1350 yards. It faces the angle of that work which cannot return its fire. The second face fronts the round tower and earth-works already alluded to, and is distant from it 1600 yards. The right face is merely a shoulder, to cover the flank and defend the redoubt. The left face fronts the shipping in the Yuhungenara, or Admiralty harbour, which is about 1700 yards distant. The armament of this battery, which was completed to-day is six 64-pounders, with furnaces for red-hot shot, for the shipping; six 8-inch guns for the redan, seven 32-pounders, from the *Diamond*, for the round tower; and four 24-pounders, as flanking defences; six 10-inch mortars complete the armament of the work.

Immediately behind this work, on the crest of a precipice, is a one-gun battery, mounded with one of Lancaster's guns, which was destined to batter a three-decker in the Admiralty harbour. This object has been defeated since the erection of the battery, by the withdrawal of the vessel; but a second embrasure has been made, and the Lancaster gun will now be directed towards the faced round tower against which so many scaring muzzles are already turned with dreadful purpose.

Chapman's attack is made in the plain below, and fronting the camp of Sir George Cathcart and Sir Richard England's divisions. It consists of four large batteries, attached to each other by a parallel 1200 yards long. Battery No. 1 is armed with six heavy 64-pounders, to batter the right face of the redan already alluded to, at a range of 1460 yards. Battery the second is armed with eleven guns, to batter the circular fort, at a range of 2250 yards, and one gun directed against the lazaret. These two batteries are to be manned by the Royal Artillery. Battery the third is armed with fifteen heavy guns, against the round tower, at a range of 2700 yards; and six guns to silence a battery on the left, called the Barrack Battery, 1460 yards distant. Battery No. 4 is armed with six heavy pieces to batter the redan at a range of 1460 yards; one gun is directed against the road leading up to the round tower, at a range of 2100 yards; and another at a spot called the Garden Battery. Four guns are directed against the Flagstaff Battery, which is the extreme point of the English attack; and one piece is placed to enfilade the redan. Besides this heavy armament, six mortars are placed to shell various points, not as yet specified. Batteries 3 and 4 are to be manned by the Royal Navy.

The French attack consists of several batteries connected by a parallel. Their chief point of attack is a crenelated tower on the extreme left of their position. It is much stronger in appearance than that against which our efforts are directed; and will, doubtless, require a number of guns to bear on it. The batteries of the French are armed





BALACLAVA HARBOUR.—(SEE PAGE 491.)

with seventy guns; ours will have a total of seventy-one and fourteen mortars. The following extracts are from my daily journal:—

Oct. 13.

The night of the 12th was spent in tolerable quiet, and to-day there was no novelty during the whole forenoon. At about three o'clock, however, a small party of Russians was discovered creeping up from a ravine to the right of Gordon's large battery, and presently they deployed in skirmishing order, showing great pluck. The rifle picket in front of the Light Division stood to its arms, and began to extend from it right in order to catch them, but the skirmishers had meanwhile drawn close in to the battery, and were fired at within rifle

distance, say about 400 yards, by a covering party of the Fusilier Guards. No sooner had the fire opened than the daring skirmishers began to retire, and as they did so our fire redoubled in vigour. But there was more smoke than aim, and the Russians got away in safety, and possibly with the certainty of knowing all they want to ascertain. A similar skirmish with similar results took place on our extreme right, where some Russians attempted to force back our pickets; but they were kept at bay till a party came up to their assistance, and they fell back with loss.

Oct. 14.

To-day the enemy attempted a reconnoissance, on a larger scale than usual, towards our right. A party of 300 of them crawling up the

ravine below [Gordon's extreme right battery, surprised an outlying picket of the 47th, which fell back, leaving its packs and blankets in a ruined house. The Russians advanced until they were checked by a party of the 2nd battalion of Rifles, which opened on them from the redoubt. A picket of the 47th at the same time opposed them from the opposite sides of the ravine. The firing now became heavier, and Sir De Lacy Evans moved the 55th and 95th Regiments to the hills on our right, whilst the Rifles, the Guards, and other regiments, from the First and Light Divisions, were moved forward, and halted behind Gordon's battery. Six guns were also ordered up, three to the left and three to the right, and remained a proper distance in the rear. In the meanwhile, however, the Rifles had put an end to the Russian demon-



BALACLAVA—VIEW INSIDE THE PORT.—(SEE PAGE 491.)



station, by driving back the enemy and killing several of his men. A party of Russians had entered the ruins, where, but a few minutes before, the picket of the 47th reposed, and carried off the packs and blankets. They succeeded, most of them, in slipping away with their booty, but two of them fell victims to their plundering propensities. The first was a burly fellow, who had already shouldered an English pack, when he was seized by a Rifleman, who collared him. The Russian would not surrender, but drew a straight sword he had by him; upon this a struggle of a deadly kind ensued, and the Russian fell dead from a shot through the head. The other Russian was captured in the ruins, and taken prisoner. He was a fat, burly fellow, about twenty-two years of age, and not less in stature than six feet. We had in this skirmish two men of the 2nd battalion Rifle Brigade wounded—one through the thigh the other through the ribs.

During the day the Russians commenced a furious cannonade upon the French lines, and kept up an incessant fire from all the guns they could get to bear, for about half-an-hour. It seems that the French have been in the habit of sending in their skirmishers close to the walls, to get at the embrasures. This so annoyed the enemy that they sent a hurricane of projectiles into the French lines, and caused them some loss. It is said—but I know not how far the story may be true—that the Russians had a battery enfilading part of the French works. They had kept quiet, however, till their guns were in position, when they hoped to do some mischief. The French discovered the danger in time, luckily; and it was whilst they were making alterations in their works that the Russians came down upon them. A few men killed was the only loss incurred.

A Russian deserter came over from Sebastopol, after having received a tremendous flogging for delaying to turn out on the occasion of the last alarm. He said that the Russians had moved all but seven thousand men to the other side of Sebastopol harbour.

October 15.

To-day, as well as last night we were undisturbed. The usual amount of shelling took place in the trenches, and a few casualties occurred, but no grave cases. The *Orinoco* and *Medway*, which arrived at Balacava yesterday, landed 3000 Turks from Constantinople. They were immediately moved to the front of Balacava, where they assisted in completing the series of works already commenced for fortifying our position. The French, who had finished a line of breastwork along the whole of our rear and flank, completed a large redoubt at the summit



THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARMY POST-OFFICES AT PERA.—  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of the hill, above the main road leading from Sebastopol to Balacava. The English have also finished the breastwork along the right flank of our position. The *Agamemnon*, flag of Admiral Lyons, was moved out of Balacava to-day. She and twenty-five other ships are, it is said, to take part in the bombardment on the 17th.

October 16.

At ten o'clock this morning a red and white flag was hoisted from a prominent spot in Sebastopol; and, at the same moment, the whole batteries, from the tower to the flagstaff, opened fire upon Chapman's parallel. The numerous working parties had barely time to rush under cover of the parapet and abutments, when the most terrific shower of missiles poured down upon them. Shells burst simultaneously on the parapet, in the work itself, and beyond the work. Large 64-pound shot ploughed up the ground all round, and the air was covered with round shot, ragged pieces of shells, dust, stones, and smoke. In a few minutes Sebastopol was enveloped in clouds of stinking vapour, and nothing was to be seen through it except the blazing guns as they were discharged upon one spot. For half-an-hour the terrific peal lasted—the sharp ring of the 24-pounder making harmony with the noise of the 32-pounders and 64 pounders. Then suddenly this firing ceased, with the same regularity as it had opened, and left the workers at leisure. I am grieved to say that we suffered considerable loss from this fierce attack. Captain Rowley, of the Grenadier Guards, was killed behind the battery where he lay with a covering-party. He and his men were behind a bank of heavy stones, over which the shot and shell passed without harm. One shot, bounding on a stone, was thrown straight up into the air, and fell down perpendicularly upon Captain Rowley, who was lying down to avoid the bursting shells. The spine was injured; and, though death was not instantaneous, the wound was fatal. Several men of the 56th were hit, one colour-sergeant of the Rifles disabled, four men of the Royals, and some in the 63rd and 68th hurt.

Sir Colin Campbell has been appointed to the command of Balacava, an important post at this juncture.

This evening I went down to visit the trenches. I chose the largest of our works as that which offered most interest, and accordingly directed my steps towards that part of the lines called Chapman's Attack. The road to it lay down a precipitous ravine, the sides of which were lined with a prickly scrub—the only vegetation that seemed able to grow in the hard sides of the vale. Here and there the rock had worn itself into strange holes and fissures, and formed cavities into which men might creep; and boulders, under the protection of which one might hope to defy the effects of bounding shot. A broad pathway,



ENTRANCE TO BALACAVA HARBOUR.

thickly strewn with cannon-balls, blind-shells, and remains of hostile missiles, led down the ravine in a serpentine course. Even the scrub appeared unable to grow in the craggy rocks which projected on both sides. There was nothing around but rock or iron. At one of the turns of the road I took advantage of a break in the side of the ravine; and, ascending its rather steep incline, I came in sight of the object of my visit. It was evident, however, that the dangerous ground to pass over was that which separated me from the cover raised by the busy workers in front. The road appeared to rise to a point somewhat dangerously exposed to hostile view. I know no more nervous feeling than that of passing over a spot in full sight of a grinning range of 32 and 64-pounders; but the enemy, as if disdainful single enemies, allowed me to pass into the battery without opening any of its fires. A minute had not elapsed, however, when shell and shot began to fly about the spot with considerable vivacity. There were enormous parties in every part of the work, many busy with the pick and shovel, many filling sand-bags, and others carrying shot and shell. The officers commanding the working parties were mostly seated in convenient places, under cover of a parapet ten feet high: some were eating, others reading newspapers and commenting upon the latest intelligence. There was something striking in the contrast between the peaceful occupations of eating and reading and the hostile apparatus which surrounded us. Gablons, fascines, shot, shell, sand-bags, and guns, lay about in confusion; around were the outward signs of deadly purpose, whilst the whizzing projectiles of the enemy showed that they were at hand, and that the quiet of the present moment might be changed in the next or hostile encounter. In the midst of the working parties, the Engineer officers appeared to command. The scientific portion of their work was striking to the eye of one who had seen more than usual of the preparations for attacking a fortified city. I had seen the works raised by the Turks at Kalafat, and those which the Russians erected in front of Silistria; I had seen the field-works of Slobodzie, and the fortified position of Giurgevo. But all these sank into insignificance before the size, the strength, and the scientific qualities of the breaching batteries of Sebastopol. The parapet thrown up by our Engineers was twenty feet thick and ten feet high, faced internally with sand-bags and gablons, and strengthened by abutments of the same material, six feet thick, to prevent the possibility of enfilade. The guns—most of them of enormous calibre—were fixed on beautifully-finished slides and platforms. Large shell-proof magazines were made in rear; and everything had that appearance of force and duration for which the English are pre eminently distinguished. The position of the working parties at a distance from this parapet was such as to render them more liable than the rest to the effects of the enemy's fire; and to diminish the danger, sentinels were placed at intervals along this parapet, with their eyes on a level with it, to give notice of fire. The enemy's fire was thus always known before the projectile came. At the word "Shot," you might see a general rush of the men from their work into safe places; many, indeed, had become so hardened to them that they took no notice; but at the word "shell" the movement

was much greater, and there was a general rush to the friendly cover of the parapet. But even then there was but comparative safety, for the pieces were as frequently thrown by the explosion in the direction of this cover as they were to the outside. Presently a relief party made its appearance upon the road leading into the redoubt. They came separately, running at wide intervals; but the enemy had seen them, and down came a shell, exploding with a thump in the midst of them; then followed a second—a third—a fourth—a fifth—and a sixth; yet, miraculously to relate, though they fell true, they struck no one! It is, indeed, marvellous how many chances a man has of escaping from the effects of fire from one or two heavy guns. After all, a shell is a very small thing compared to the space which it covers, be its size ever so great. The return from a battery is a more nervous task than the going to it. In the one case, you see the danger coming; in the other, it comes on you by surprise.

## THE BOMBARDMENT.

Sebastopol Heights, Oct. 17th, 1854.

A general order issued by Lord Raglan late on the evening of the 16th, made known to the troops the gratifying intelligence that fire would be opened from the trenches against Sebastopol at half-past six on the following morning. Covering parties from all the regiments were told off to protect the batteries against a sortie, should the enemy attempt it; and two men from each company in the several regiments were allowed to volunteer on the dangerous service of moving forward to within 500 yards of the Russian works, to pick off the gunners at their pieces. The sun rose upon a splendid sky, barely skirted by a bed of light and silvery clouds. The embrasures of our batteries—which had been carefully masked until the moment of their use—had been out open, and, as the dawn burst upon the defenders of the besieged fortress, they saw seventy embrasures yawning before them in the English lines. The French had not been backward in their preparations, and were likewise ready with seventy guns. As the sun rose—long before half-past six—the enemy commenced a steady fire on all their line against our works, which preserved a grim silence, and never returned a shot. At half-past six precisely, the signal—three mortars fired—was given, and all the guns in the Allied lines burst forth with a tremendous boom. The effect was terrific. The air was filled with mighty sounds such as had never stirred the echoes of these hills before. As volley after volley succeeded each other in quick succession, and were met by return fires from the Russians, at first more numerous than our own, the peals were deafening. A heavy smoke began to darken the works on both sides, in the midst of which the large circular tower on our right shone out in grand relief. The Russians were now firing from this tower with four guns upon its summit, and large earthen batteries at its base. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed before the most terrific changes were visible in its aspect. Several shells had burst upon the top, and thrown off the earthworks on every side: three of the guns were at once dismounted, and the fourth alone stood up. A solitary gunner appeared to be working this gun, and he manfully held

(Continued on page 492.)



CAPES THIERIENT AND AIA, AND BALACAVA BAY.



## THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARMY POST-OFFICES IN PERSA.

The Post-office for the English army has just been removed from Galata to Persa. The building it now occupies is substantially built, of stone, and may be called a fine house for Constantinople. It is situated on the road leading from the four corners (*quatre rues*) of Persa, down to Tophana, and immediately above the Hôtel d'Europe. Next door, above the English, is the French Army Post-office, where two Turkish soldiers mount guard, and salute all French officers who pass. This is rather a novel sight for Constantinople. These buildings face the south-west, and command a view of the entrance to the Golden Horn and the Marmora Sea.

## INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

### AN ALARM IN A FOG.

On the 15th and 16th (says a private letter), about daylight, there was rather a dense fog. On the first of these occasions the besieged took the opportunity to try and make a reconnaissance in force, in which, however, they badly succeeded. They endeavoured, under cover of the fog, to make a march round our right flank, on which I have before told you the Second Division forms an outlying picket of the army. It is our most exposed and weakest point in the event of the Russian army coming in our rear, because on our immediate rear the French have fortified a very strong natural position. But to resume—the enemy having advanced under cover of this fog, up a gorge on our right, were rather suddenly brought to view by the power of the sun reducing the fog. Their appearance, of course, led to an alarm. Horse artillery were galloped towards them, and after a skirmish of no great moment, they were glad to make a hasty retreat to their quarters in Sebastopol—nothing particular happening beyond the capture of a Russian prisoner or two. The other little excitement occurred yesterday morning, when, without any particular object that I can ascertain, the whole of the Russian batteries opened simultaneously, I suppose, with the idea of injuring our works. The roar was stunning for the moment, but the effect, as far as the works were concerned, nothing. I am sorry, however, to say, it was attended with some loss of life—about eleven killed and wounded. But even this cannot be thought anything of. The Grenadier Guards, who were relieving the guards on the works, were the sufferers; and lost an officer, Captain Rowley. He was lying under cover at the time, but a shot struck a large stone behind him, and came back on him, killing him on the spot.

### THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT.

By Monday afternoon, the 16th, the French works had been completely repaired, and all was in readiness on our side for a combined attack. Monday night was an anxious time. As if the enemy also anticipated the coming struggle, and reserved their strength for the following day, we were but slightly annoyed by their fire during the night. A deserter who came over to us that evening, however, imagined a very different reason for the slackness of the Russian batteries. He said that all the officers of the garrison were that evening giving a grand ball to the inhabitants of Sebastopol, and that it was attended by all the leading ladies and gentlemen in the town. He said also that both town and garrison are perfectly certain of success, and of repulsing all our attacks within a fortnight; their earthworks and batteries he knew were powerful; and General Lüers, who commands in chief, was daily expecting news of the advent of an immense body of troops. The statements of these deserters may be well open to doubt, but this fellow appears to have told the truth. Certainly, from whatever cause it arose, the enemy fired little that night. By grey dawn on the 17th, when it was barely light, the enemy commenced a desultory cannonade. The noise and the hope—for we were not yet completely certain—that our trenches would answer it, set everyone astir, and a large number hurried up to the summit of a loose hill on the hill, which is situated between two of our batteries, and commands an almost bird's-eye view of the town and harbour of Sebastopol.

### THE MORNING OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

Nothing could exceed the clear beauty of last night, the 16th. The Milky Way was unusually conspicuous, and every star in the firmament, so clear was the atmosphere, appeared to be shining with unusual brilliancy. The calmness was only disturbed by the cannons' occasional booming, and the passage through the air of their fiery messengers. Towards daybreak this vision of mist became stretched over the town and the camps, but a gentle breeze from the south-east slowly wafted this away, and a warm sunny day commenced. At half-past six a.m. the sound of the first English gun was heard in Sebastopol. The firing commenced in the battery on the right of our line, and was taken up immediately by every other battery along the line. The Russian batteries replied rapidly. Then commenced a thunder of artillery, which, as peal succeeded peal, can be likened only to the roar of a thunderstorm rolling among Alpine mountains. The arseomed groan and lament from the peculiar rounds that were emitted during the passage of the iron ball from which was falling upon besieged and besiegers. Among these sounds that of the cannon whistles discharged by the heavy Lancaster guns forced its attention, for it differed from all others. It resembled precisely the way in which noise made by an express train when heard from a little distance. One of these guns, that belonged to the *Arroio*, and placed in a battery in front of the 2nd Brigade, Light Division, was particularly directed at the line of battle of the *Three Apostles*. In a very short time the ship was hoisted up, placed under the protection of Fort St. Nicholas, but not until she had been severely fired by four missiles from the Lancaster. The battery now, the second divisions in which were two Lancasters and three 68-pounders, directed its fire particularly at the Round Tower, and no less than four every gun on its summit was silent, and only three out of the eighteen guns which had been mounted in front of it on each side of it were continuing their fire. This tower, from its isolated position, and from the fact of the rising sun lighting it up—as it did all the object of the town, giving us the advantage in this respect—was particularly conspicuous; and each shot or fragment of shell even when struck its wall, by exposing the white stone from beneath the brown wash with which it was lately covered, could be immediately observed. The earthworks around it were soon rent and shaken; but the Russian artillerymen, in their shirt sleeves, could be seen working the guns which retained their position with the greatest alacrity.

### THE RUSSIAN BATTERIES.

The first volleys (on the 17th) showed us what no soul in either army had hitherto been certain about—viz., the precise nature, both of our work, and the enemy's—and it also showed us that, even in earthwork batteries, thrown up since we came here, the Russians immensely outnumbered the Allied lines. Not only were there extensive intrenchments, mounting twenty-five and thirty heavy cannon, but on every height and ridge guns of heavy calibre were placed in battery. I have been informed that the extensive nature of their works completely astonished our Generals, and we are by no means sure that we have seen them all yet, for, during yesterday, fresh ones were frequently remarked in places totally unexpected. Facing our Green Mount battery is the Redan wall, which shelters the south side of Sebastopol. It is built with masonry, and to shelter it still further, the Russians have thrown up in its centre a regular three-sided redoubt, a rising slope forty cannon. Facing over several intermediate 6, 8, and 10 gun batteries, the main strength of the Russians on the right is in some intrenchments called the Flagstaff Batteries. It is a large hill, commanding the French lines perfectly, and intended for two tiers of 18, and about twenty-five in number. On the summit of the hill above the guns are banks for several large mortars. The exact use of the upper tier of cannon appears to have been unknown, until the moment it opened a deadly fire in the French works. On the enemy's extreme right of all was a 10 gun battery, not commanding it placed, so as to enfilade the whole French line, and beyond this come the regular stone forts of the harbour, such as the Quarantine Battery and Fort Paul.

## HOW OUR ENGINEERS ARE BAFLED.

The spirit of over-confidence, which is the characteristic of the British nation will be loth to hear that Sebastopol did not fall, as was anticipated at home, after a twelve hours' cannonade. On the contrary, the contest hitherto has been between mud fort and mud fort—between offensive works and offensive works; and when these forts are taken or destroyed, the real task of taking the town will commence. It will be a severe trial this taking or destroying of Sebastopol; and many days, perhaps weeks, will elapse before the day of triumph will dawn. The irregularity of the works baffles slightly our engineers. Were Sir J. Burgoyne set down before Meiz, or an orthodox fortified city, with regular walls and angles, and scarps and counterscarps, with a satisfactory glacis, I feel convinced that he would proceed with far greater confidence than against these mazes of Sebastopol. The position is, in fact, trying. Here is a besieged fort, which has established offensive works, mounted by a large number of guns from the offensive works thrown up by the besiegers. The damage sustained in the day is repaired in the night, and the morrow dawns to witness a fresh waste of ammunition. The victory would, it almost seems, fall to him who possesses the largest stock of ammunition—and that, certainly, is not the Allies. From motives of policy or humanity (both misplaced in the present instance), Lord Raglan has determined to spare the town. Now, until the town is completely battered to pieces, or burnt to the ground, we have no hopes of success unless in an assault, which would now be attended with considerable risk and great loss of life. But the town once fired to the rear of the Russian redoubts, the gunners will either cease to work with the same confidence, or, what is more probable, will desert their disagreeable position. I do not mean to assert by these remarks that the siege of Sebastopol will rival in length that of Troy, but it is desirable that the British public should be upon their guard against gilded contemporaries and lying telegraphs.—*Letter from the Camp, Oct. 19.*

## SHELLS AND ROCKETS VIEWED ARTISTICALLY.

The day has been sunny and hot, and the evening is now chilly, calm, and starlight. The enemy's batteries have ceased their fire, and so have the French; but from two of our batteries discharges of shell and rockets are still going on at intervals. The scene is beautiful, but to one who remembers the cruel realities connected with it, it is full of painful reflections. All is apparently still in the town, which is but obscurely seen through the evening mists and diminished light, and is only illuminated from time to time as the bursting shell or rocket throws a momentary glare around the spot where it has fallen. The passage of the shell in the air, thrown to an amazing height from the mortars, appears like that of a meteor. It rises and falls, seemingly to the eye almost perpendicularly; sometimes turning, as it turns on its axis, and the fire disappears in the rotation, with an interrupted pale light—sometimes with a steady light, not unlike the calm luminosity of a planet. As it travels it can be distinguished, amid the general stillness, uttering in the distance its peculiar sound, not unlike the cry of the curlew. The blue light in the battery announces the starting of a rocket; it pursues its more horizontal course, followed by a fiery train, and rushes through the air with a loud whizzing noise, that gives an idea of irresistible energy. It is impossible not to think with sadness on the errands of these destroying messengers. Across the main valley leading to Sebastopol, looking northward, where a large Russian force is said to be encamped, can be seen, thickly scattered, the enemy's fires, and, on turning in the opposite direction from this aspect, there are the long lines of fires belonging to our own troops, who are investing the doomed city and fortress. Let us return to them, and in peaceful sleep to get for some hours the duty in which we are occupied.—*Letter from the Camp, Oct. 18.*

## THE TRENCHES AT NIGHT.

On the night of the 20th I was enabled by ocular testimony to judge of the little harm effected by the Russians on our batteries, and of the scientific and solid manner in which the latter had been constructed. A night visit to the trenches is always impressive. The silence in the batteries, broken a one by the spade and pick of the sappers smoothing the earth disturbed by the enemy's balls; the massive guns frowning from their embrasures; the stupendous strength of the parapets and traverses; the calm slumbers of the covering party, enwrapped in their blankets; and the rumbling of approaching ammunition waggons—one and all strike the imagination of the spectator. An occasional shell from the Russians enlivens the proceedings, the tract of the projectile being traced by the burning face from the muzzle of the gun to the point of explosion.

## THE LOOKERS-ON.

A little in advance of the Fourth Division camp is a slight embankment, from which a beautiful panorama of Sebastopol, extending from the granite fort to beyond the ruins of Inkerman (including both hostile and friendly batteries), may be seen and admired. It is here that the idlers of the camp delight to assemble, as they pleasantly observe, to see the "fun." Cavalry, artillery, and infantry officers, with a sprinkling of silver-paqueted Frenchmen, form here a constant asteric, watching earnestly the fire of our guns, applauding any superior hit, and becoming uproarious at a Russian explosion. How many an eye gazes with envy on the clean white buildings of Sebastopol, suggestive of good kitchens and good dinners! To many an old fire-eater, who would as soon eat his head as open a book, the large public library with Doric columns has suddenly become an object of interest. But the most remarkable building is the "Club," and many a sigh have I overheard—heaved by some gallant fellow, to whom the recollections of the "Rag and Farnish" at home had been thus painfully awakened. An hour's inaction suffices to disgust one with the monotony of a siege; and really nothing more wearisome can be imagined than the constant roar of the batteries. The whole army is sick of the business, and impatient for more active and satisfactory operations.

## A SIOUT-HEARDED LADY.

OCT. 17, 2 p.m.—The most awful thunder of cannon is now in my ears. The fleet has entered, and the forts, shipping, redoubts, and masonry are all engaged. I have just come from the post where the town and harbour are generally visible; but towards the sea, where our fleet is engaged, the smoke is so thick that nothing whatever can be seen. I hear the constant whizzing of the Lancaster guns; and shall be able to report better of the effect to-morrow. We have one lady in our camp—the wife of the Paymaster of the 8th Hussars. I saw her quietly looking on while the place was being bombarded from the land.

## THE LANCASTER GUNS.

Conspicuous among the din could be plainly heard the Lancaster guns. Their sharp crack, different from the other heavy guns, was like that of a rifle among muskets. But the most singular effect was produced by its fall, which rushed through the air with a noise and regular beat precisely like the passage of a rapid express train at a few yards' distance. This peculiarity excited shouts of laughter among our men, who instantly nicknamed it the express train, and only by that name is the gun known. The effect of the shot seemed most terrible. From its deafening noise the ball could be distinctly traced by the ear to the spot where it struck, when stone or earth alike went down before it. A battery of twenty and thirty such guns would destroy Sebastopol in a week. Unfortunately, from a short supply of ammunition, we can only afford to mount two, and even these are only fired once in eight minutes.

## RUSSIAN TRICKERY.

From the commencement of the siege the Allies noticed a large structure in the central part of the city, which was surmounted by a yellow flag, indicating that it was an hospital for the wounded. A communication to that effect was made to the Generals commanding the Allied armies, and strict orders had been given to spare that part of the town. Some time after, however, some deserters from the place gave information which led to the conviction that a deceit had been practised; in fact, it was found that the building, which was supposed to give shelter to the sick and wounded, was anything but an hospital: it was a vast magazine, where the ammunition and stores of the besieged were deposited. Acting

on this information, some shells were thrown into it, and the pretended hospital blew up with a tremendous effect. The ground around it shook as with an earthquake, and houses were thrown to the ground in all directions.

## A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

The contents of three tumbril waggons had been laid on the ground, within a couple of hours previous, and a small portion of the supply had been used. The waggons, excepting one which had been disabled near the same spot by the bursting of a shell, had left the ground. A large covering party of the 88th Regiment had only just quitted the neighbourhood of this exposed magazine on account of the severity of the fire in that direction. Two of the men had just been killed, and two others desperately wounded—one poor fellow losing at the same moment both legs and an arm by the bursting of a shell which fell among them. The officer in command had therefore moved the party a short distance, to a more protected position. There remained, however, close by, another covering party, consisting of four companies of the 19th Regiment. Twenty paces only from the ammunition, was lying a group of officers of the 19th; and extending from them to the right and left, were lying the rest of the men and officers, sheltered by a loose heap of stones from the fire of the enemy's guns. The force of the concussion, the noise of the explosion, and the shower of earth and stones, deprived most of those who were near, for some moments, of consciousness, and for a long time of hearing; and each, as he recovered his faculties, seems to have been impressed with the belief that he was the only one saved from the effects of some terrible calamity, of the true nature of which he was quite ignorant. One man only of this regiment was injured by the explosion, and he not dangerously. Their salvation seems to have been owing in some degree to their very proximity. The force of the discharge was chiefly directed upwards. One of the dead horses was carried up in the air, and thrown down thirty or forty yards beyond the troops. Portions of the disabled waggon and of the burning wood of the ammunition boxes were thrown for a wide distance round. Nothing remained on the ground where the powder had been laid; but the earth was rooted up, and fell, mixed with unexploded gunpowder, thickly on all sides. The smoke rose at first perpendicularly upwards in a condensed column; then, unfolding and expanding, it extended outwards, until, meeting a strong current in an upper stratum of air, it floated away like a large fleecy cloud.

## HOW THE DAY'S WORK BEGINS.

As daylight casts its first rays into the camp, and often long before, a loud voice generally asks some such question as this—"Williams, what are you for to-day? I'm going to Balaklava arabajee?" "Are you?" responds his friend, "my pursuit will be infinitely more exciting; I am going to open the ball at half-past six, with Prince Menschikoff as my *vis-à-vis*. I am afraid he shall find it very warm work, as one is so closely confined in a battery. I prefer a good English ball-room where one can dance at one's ease—plenty of lady companions, and good ventilation." I cannot tell you how beautiful was the scene as I stepped out of my tent. The heavens were studded with stars of a diamond brightness—a waning crescent moon walked the sky like a modest virgin clad in light—the air was soft and balmy, and the many animals which are ever found in a camp, were looking hopefully and bee-eagerly for a kind hand to supply the early meal, so acceptable to man and beast. The only intimation upon the soothing quiet, was the nasal wailing of some braying mule, and the following quaint instructions of a linguist Supper—"Arabajee, naval soo, yoo; balisee Balaklava Adjutant Ivet; chabok Johnny no forget haudee, chabok; buoso, yes, understandy;" which jaggon from custom, was as well understood by the Crim driver, as if the soldier had spoken the best Turkish. Just as the sun gets above the horizon, we have a new scene: the officers who have been engaged in the batteries during the night return to camp; and when some distance from the tents, the name of a servant is heard, "Carlo"—or Felice, or Salvo, or Gui Gueppe, as chance may have it—coffee ready? Cry some ration pack and biscuit; and then see that my bed is all prepared; and when I get into it, don't let a soul disturb me, for I am quite done up." The coffee is soon presented in a black saucen, and a lot or two adorn the beam which is stretched as a seat near the fire; the frying-pan is put by the feet of its master, reeking with sizzling pork and sizzling biscuit; and the hungry, tired, snail-faced crew of diars devour a heavy meal, smokes his soothing cigar, and five minutes after the last puff, is seen at full length in his tent, as fast asleep as if he had been bed with poppy-heads from his abeyance upwards. At half past six the bombarding again commences, and once more the heavens are being rent by the demoniacal voice of war.—*Letter from the Camp, Oct. 18.*

## SEBASTOPOL NOT SO EASILY TAKEN.

Sebastopol holds out, although there can be no doubt of our taking it when the time is come. That fortress is not such an easy prey as many people at home and on foreign stations seem to believe. If victory were to be had at so cheap a price, the Generals would be almost to blame for having taken out so large a force, when a smaller corps and armament would have done as well. It is true Sebastopol is open on the land side, and we have nothing to do but to walk into it. But it is open in the manner that Alma was: our troops will have nothing to do but to walk into it, but they must first get the better of some three or four batteries and redoubts, and walk up to the very mouths of some forty or fifty pieces of heavy ordnance. It is true that after Alma our men may reasonably be expected to do anything—to conquer all obstacles, brave all opposition, and defy all danger. Not a man in the army doubts that if the order were given, our brave regiments would carry the Sebastopol batteries as they carried the position of Alma, at the point of the bayonet, and cheering in the very face of destruction. But the loss would be frightful; and it is to avert that loss and make the conquest easier, that our batteries have now for four days past been hurling their round shot and shrapnel against and into the mud to which flank the White Tower and that redoubtable redoubt which protects the centre of the Russian position. The guns on the White Tower were silent after a cannonade of a few hours, and have not opened again. But the mud batteries and redoubts, although frequently silenced, repair their damages, replace their broken gun-carriages, and guns by fresh ones, send in drafts of fresh men to make the place of the killed and wounded and return of fire till they are again silenced only to open again after a few hours' pause. We cannot expect to reduce the town by our cannonade; even the shells, red-hot, shot, carcasses, and corks, which we have thrown for the last two days, will neither compel thearrison to abandon their post or offer to come to terms. Our regiments will have to bring their bayonets into the scale before it inclines to our side. But the object of this cannonade—as of all cannonade under similar circumstances—is to do the enemy as much harm as possible—to draw their bravest and ablest men into the batteries, and there to kill or disable them: to keep the garrison on the alert and hard at work in the batteries, in their parks, and workyards, and in the town, to watch for and extinguish the commencement of a conflagration; and so to harass, worry, and fatigue them by day and night, that, broken in body and mind—starved with want of food, sleep, and comfort—they are more or less incapable of personal resistance, and the wild fury of a hand-to-hand conflict. When an unceasing cannonade has reduced them to that point, and at a period when their batteries are altogether or wholly silenced for the hour, then will be the time to lead our men of Alma to the assault.—*Letter from the Camp, October 20.*

## THE WEATHER IN THE BLACK SEA AND THE CRIMEA.

Seldom has any enterprise met with so few checks from circumstances that could not be foreseen or controlled. Although the prophecies of some foreboding spirits were unkindly and absurd, yet, when it is a lover, we can afford to confess that we have escaped dangers which might have prevented success, or caused it to be purchased at too dear a price. The first great operation was the transport of 60,000 men a distance of 300 miles over a sea liable to sudden storms, at a season when the storms sometimes partake of the nature of tropical hurricanes. As if some guardian spirit watched over the fortunes of the Allied host, one of these gales burst over the Black Sea a few days before the departure of the expedition, at a time when the fleet would actually have been on its voyage if it had left Varna on the 2nd of September, as had been originally proposed. On the 5th a lull took place, and from that day till the arrival of the combined squadrons in Kalamita Bay there was nothing that could be



called unfavourable weather, or which could render necessary the precautions wisely taken for the immediate anchoring of the transports on the first sign of a tempest. The coasting along the southern shores of Russia was carried on without accident; the landing was effected with a smooth sea which lasted three or four days; and though the troops endured a rainy night on the 14th, the fine weather can hardly be said to have been interrupted during the whole time that the vast armament has been on Russian ground. At this moment (Oct 24) the sky is pure and cloudless, and yet the autumn sun is not too oppressive for exertion—the sailors are able to drag heavy guns, and the soldiers to dig trenches for hours without their strength failing, as it did even on a common parade three months ago. This year the equinoctial gales were slight, and lasted but for a day or two; they came when the troops were safely landed, and were repelling after the fatigues of Alma, and preparing for their sudden march to Balaklava. A few horses, indeed, were lost by us in these storms, but, on the whole, they passed away without causing any appreciable loss; and the fears, now ill-founded, that they injured before the expedition sailed, are now forgotten. It is both impious and hypocritical for a nation, however just its cause, to declare itself under the special protection of Providence, and boast of blessings as if they were not more than its due; but we may still be permitted to call to mind the singular exemption from all calamity which the enterprise has experienced, and which no prudence or skill could have ensured had natural circumstances been other than they were.

#### THE TARTAR DESPATCH.

The premature report, which came out in the London journals of the 2nd and 3rd inst., has been a source of some annoyance to our troops. Not only do they think they are unfairly dealt with by their countryman at home believing the task assigned to them a very light, easy, and most pleasurable one, while in reality it is neither of the three, but they fear that friends at home will have welcomed the false Simon Pure with such exuberance of feeling that neither joy nor sympathy will be left for the arrival of the real one. And, as our soldiers never move a step or strike a blow without a look homewards, since their achievements acquire their choicest zeal by the thought of what people at home "will say to that," or "think of that," the getting up of this false report about Sebastopol, is like robbing them of what they consider their due. Yet we out here have certainly no right too loudly to accuse either the precipitancy or the credulity of our friends at home, for the expectations expressed by part of the army, and that part the most scientific one, were quite as high-flown and ill-founded as the hopes which our friends at home cherished for us. The Engineers and Artillery who reconnoitred the fortifications in the first day of our stay at Balaklava spoke very loudly of the openness of Sebastopol on the land side, and the defensive works of the Russians were mentioned by them in a slighting and contemptuous manner. The Artillery, in particular, fresh from the practising and experimental grounds at Woolwich and Chatham, spoke with all the assurance belonging to the votaries of a highly-cultivated and untried science. Some of the officers resented it as an insult to suppose that it would take them days to overcome the resistance of the defensive works—the discomfiture of the Russians was to be consummated in a few hours. They were both right and wrong. They expected to silence the Russian batteries in a few hours, and so they certainly did; and if this were an entrenched camp, or a position like that of Alma, nothing could have been more correct than their anticipations. But they forgot that the Sebastopol mud forts and redoubts have an arsenal in their rear—that enormous stores of materials are at the command of the Russian Generals, and that the broken guns and gun-carriages can be, and are, at once replaced. And to go on smashing the Russian guns until the stores of Sebastopol are exhausted is too long and tedious an undertaking, with the winter hanging over our heads and the Russian army in our rear. Under these circumstances there is but on alternative—a heavy cannonade and a rush with the bayonet.—Letter from the Camp, Oct. 20.

#### THE NAVAL ATTACK.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 17th the captains and masters proceeded to the flag-ship, to receive final directions; and by ten most of the steamers were under way, and proceeding to take the liner in tow. This was done by firmly lashing the steamer on the port side of the line-of-battle ship. The *Britannia* in tow of the *Furious*, was first to leave, closely followed by the *Queen*, with the *Vesuvius*. The other ships followed, accompanied as follows:—The *Vengeance* with the *Highflyer*, the *Bellerophon* with the *Spitfire*, the *Albion* with the *Firebrand*, the *London* with the *Niger*, the *Trafalgar* with the *Retribution*, the *Arcturion* with the *Triton*, the *Rodney* with the *Cyclops*. The *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, *Samson*, *Terrible*, *Tribune*, *Arrow*, *Lynx*, *Spitfire*, and *Sphinx* (which last vessel arrived in the morning, just in time for the honours and perils of the day) proceeded independently. At ten minutes after one the French fleet, which had proceeded, lashed as ours, against the southern batteries, commenced their fire, and at half-past one the *Terrible* commenced; the other independent ships quickly followed; and at two o'clock there was an explosion in Fort Constantine, on which the ships loudly cheered. About twenty minutes past two the *Albion*, having run in within 700 yards, opened fire, which she kept up for about two hours, when, one of her towing-hawsers having been shot away, and the ship being on fire in two places, she was with difficulty towed out of fire. About the same time the *Arcturion*, and very soon after the *Queen*, were obliged for the same reason to come out. The fire was kept up, without the slightest intermission, till the fall of night compelled the ships to come out. The enemy fired much red-hot shot, which did great damage. When night fell, the "Wasp" Fort, as an occasional gun, was silenced, and the firing from Fort Constantine and the "Star" Fort had sensibly slackened. The guns on the upper tier of the "Star" Fort are generally dismounted, but though much battered, we have no apparently done much damage to the other tiers, their firing continuing to the last. The *Rodney*, which behaved very gallantly, was the last, I believe to come out. The French firing was very beautiful—one continuous roar; but the general opinion was that they were somewhat too far out, being in general about 1400 yards from Fort Alexander. The *Napoleon*, however, and the crews frequently approached much nearer. The general distance of our sailing lines (except *Albion*, who was much nearer) might have been 1200 yards. The advantage of screws was signally displayed, for the steamers found it difficult to scull to turn or move with the line-of-battle ship in tow. Admiral Lyons, in the *Agamemnon*, was the theme of general admiration. At one time he went quietly in, and anchored opposite the "Wasp" fort, where he remained till it was completely silenced for the time.

#### THE DETACHED STEAMERS.

The detached steamers on the left were decidedly the heroes of the day. To them was assigned the position north of the shoal running out from Cape Fort. While the other vessels went down outside as far as Quarantine Bay and then veered round and opened their fire from the starboard broadside, the detached steamers steamed straight down inside, near the shore. The first were the *Samson*, *Terrible*, and *Tribune*, who advanced like *déclaireurs* before the *Agamemnon* and the *Sanspareil*, which formed the main strength of this division. These two, after having fired the range of their long pivot-guns at the "Wasp" Battery, steamed right down to the fort on Cape Constantine—the formidable casemated battery at the left of the entrance into Sebastopol, and engaged it. There you could see them anchored, the *Agamemnon* at 800 yards, and the *Sanspareil* a little behind, enduring, with unshaken firmness, the heaviest fire of the enemy, and returning it with great vigour; while the detached steamers, who could approach closer to the shore water, hovered round them, making the most of their independent position. The situation of the two screw line-of-battle ships was the most critical possible, exposed as they were to a heavy cross-fire on one side from the northern batteries running along the shore, from the "Star" Fort inside, and from the whole outward face of the fort on Cape Constantine. For two hours they had to encounter the whole fire of the enemy of that side alone; when the *Queen*, having left her first anchoring place, where the Turkish flag-ship had come in her way, passed inside of the other sailing line-of-battle ships from the extreme right to the left, and came up alongside the two heavily-pressed steamers, and drew off part

of the enemy's fire from them—a movement which, as I told you, was acknowledged by Admiral Lyons hoisting the signal of "Well done, *Queen*!" It was a marvellous sight to see such an immense vessel as the *Queen* passing the other liners inside; and both Captain Mitchell and Captain Powell, the Commander of the *Vesuvius*, deserve the highest credit for the skill and enterprise with which they took the vessel in as well as out. Unfortunately, the respite which she brought was only momentary; for, being in but six fathoms water, she was in danger of going on shore unless she anchored; while, if she had anchored, she would have had to leave her chora behind, and perhaps something more, for she had caught fire from a red-hot shot: she was thus obliged to yield to the *forza maggiore*, and with raw.

The *Sanspareil*, owing to her unwellness and the defects in her propelling force, which runs always when most necessary, would have had a hard fate had not the *Shark*, a tiny little steam-tug, which attends the *Sanspareil* as a platoon does a gun, or the *Jackal* its lion, gone in and towed her out. The skill and courage displayed by the commander of this little craft, Mr. Ball, second mate, excited general admiration. It was a striking and practical illustration of the use and the abuse, to see the little *Shark* help out the colossal *Sanspareil*, but, at the same time, it was a most gallant feat of seamanship. It is reported that Admiral Lyons sent in the Commander of the *Shark* with the words—"Go in; you will find there a collar or your promotion." Both the *Agamemnon* and *Sanspareil* were obliged to leave buoys for their anchors, but they left also some heavy marks of their presence on the face of the forts. These two ships did not quit their posts until nightfall, for Admiral Lyons determined to be sunk rather than give in.

#### THE FRENCH STEAMERS.

The following letter, from a young officer of the French fleet, gives an account of the affair from that point of view:—

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 18.

My ears are yet ringing with the cannonade they heard yesterday, but I have no time to arrange my thoughts, and I hasten to tell you that I am in excellent health. Yesterday morning the Admiral's signals and our written orders left us no doubt about the intentions of the fleet. At nine o'clock every vessel received the order to advance. All the steamers, with the exception of the *Pluton* and *Eumenide* were lashed alongside ship to connect them to the fire. In the night of the 16th and 17th the Captain of the *Pluton* had been ordered to lay down buoys along the coast to guide the course of the fleet; and this morning, as soon as the signal was given, the *Pluton*, as best knowing the way, took the lead. She was followed closely by the *Charlemagne*, which was ordered to anchor as near as possible to the coast, so that the other ships might take up positions in line to the north and north-east of her. Our progress was slow, in consequence of the immense weight of the ships which had to be towed. We were nearly an hour and a half doing three miles. At about half-past twelve the signal for the Russians commencing in their turn. A light whistling, like the noise made by certain birds of prey, was audible at the mast-head. I asked myself what it could be, when a second rushing sound, more distinct, left me no doubt that it proceeded from a cannon-shot. Presently the bullets rained around us. We heard the noise they made before they reached us, and some time after we saw the flash of the cannon which propelled them. We received three of the shots in our hull and paddle-boxes; but, fortunately, they hurt no one. Our masts, from which we had taken down all the yards, were not touched. Most of the bullets passed over our heads. The firing went on thus for half an hour, and then we went in closer to shore to make way for the *Charlemagne*, and found ourselves a little sheltered from the batteries by a tongue of land. The *Charlemagne*, doubtless, appeared a formidable adversary in the eyes of the Russians, and may have checked their ardour a little. At one o'clock she anchored and began to fire, and it was, indeed, high time, for she had received several bullets in her hull, her masts were injured, and a shell had burst in her engine-room. At two o'clock we must have blown up a part of Fort Constantine, for just after we had watched one of our 80 pounder shells hit the mark we aimed at, we saw a tremendous column of smoke and flame rising up over the fortress. Dashing by the *Charlemagne*, the half of the other ships came into line in the direction north-north-west. The others joined a second line, and fired through the interstices of the first. Two Turkish ships prolonged the French lines; and further on to the N.N.E. of the second Turkish vessel was a line of eight English. The fire went on for five hours without ceasing; but, unfortunately, the smoke was so thick that a great many shots must have been thrown away. We don't know how much harm we did to the enemy; only the Russians abandoned their batteries for about two hours; but they recommenced firing towards evening. Portions of their batteries were destroyed. There would not have remained one stone above another, if the task which surrounded the entrance to the harbour had allowed us to approach within 400 or 500 metres. As it was, we fired, on an average, at a distance of 1400 or 1500 metres. We expended something like 24,000 bullets and shells. The Russians, though they are pretty straight (as we can testify, for all their shots against us were very well directed), killed but few in the squadron. With regard to this, I only know that the *Charlemagne*, perhaps the most unlucky of all, had eight killed. Some say, however, the *Montebello* suffered still more. The *Jean Bart* had but two killed. The English fleet, anchored opposite Fort Constantine and the Telegraph batteries, fought vigorously. We don't yet know what losses they suffered.

#### OBSTACLES TO A NAVAL ASSAULT.

It is now established beyond doubt that the greatest defence of the sea forts of Sebastopol is the shallow water which does not allow a close enough approach to make ships' broadsides really formidable to them. The fact is very simple—a ship's broadside can produce a more formidable concentration of fire than any fort in the world; but ship's sides cannot resist fire so long. The closer, therefore, a ship comes to the battery the greater becomes its advantage; whereas its own danger decreases, from the fort's not being able to depress their guns enough to hit the hull. An excellent proof of this latter fact—namely, that the danger of a vessel decreases by nearer approach, was furnished by the *Agamemnon* and the *Sanspareil*. Although not more than 200 yards from each other, the *Agamemnon*, which was closer in, suffered much less, as well as crew; and then most of the shots fired into the *Agamemnon* damaged the rigging, while the *Sanspareil* suffered chiefly in her hull. The Russians have been perfectly aware of this. They sank therefore a number of vessels before the entrance of the harbour in a line from the shoal running out from the point opposite, on which Fort Alexander is built. They impeded thus not only the entrance of the harbour, but the approach to the forts themselves. The grand fort on Cape Constantine is, besides, protected on the north face by another shoal running out from the point on which the telegraph is erected.

The night before the bombardment a boat, with muffled oars, was sent to explore the two shoals; the crew went all round, and so close in that they could hear the people talk, and would have been able to understand what they said, had they known their language. Two small Russian steamers, which were likewise outside of the sunken vessels when the action began, were lying off the entrance; but mistook the boat, as it were, for a Russian. According to the observations made, the depth of water is so uncertain and variable, that large vessels could not enter beyond eight fathoms of water, which scarcely brings them within 1500 or 1600 yards. From these and other previous observations to the same effect, it became apparent that with vessels of a one nothing could be undertaken against the forts on the sea side. It was only in co-operation with the army that ships could be of great service, by creating a diversion in favour of the advancing land forces, and helping to reduce the place. The question was only to choose the right time, and at that time strike with the greatest energy.

#### WOODEN WALLS V. STONE ONES.

In the late encounter between wooden walls and stone ones, stone had not the worst of it, as far as appearances go. The *Samson* went off Sebastopol on the morning of the 18th; but could see no further harm done than a few guns dismounted; and the whole face of Fort Constantine was as it were pock-marked with the impressions of cannon balls. It is the general opinion that no further attempt will be made by sea for the present. The only chance which ships have against batteries is running in within six hundred yards, and even then their loss must be very great. The fire of the batteries fell chiefly on the ships which went in within seven hundred yards. Wherever the fire was

heaviest and the smoke densest, there one might be sure would be seen the Rear-Admiral's "red at mizen." The deductions from the *Edinburgh's* experiment at five hundred yards, at the walls of Bomarsund, remind one of the story of the gentleman who did not much relish the idea of fighting a duel, and on being reminded that he was able to break a wine-glass with a bullet at twenty yards, replied—"Yes, that's true; but the wine-glass hadn't a pistol in its hand."

#### BALAKLAVA.

The following account of the former condition of the town and harbour of Balaklava is from Prokes or Palas's travels:—The town of Balaklava has probably received its modern name from the strong Greek castle of Pallakium. It was formerly inhabited by Tartars; but, as most of the natives emigrated, or were dispersed, when the Crimea was occupied by the Russians, this town, together with the surrounding country extending to the banks of the Buzouk-on-chen, including the villages of Kadkol, Karani, Kamara, and Alesu (after removing the rest of the Tartar families to other places), were granted as settlements to a regiment of Albanians, now reduced to one battalion. Thus Balaklava has been completely changed into a Greek town. The town of Balaklava is situated close to the harbour, along the foot of the mountain, but it is not provided with good water. As the port is deep, sheltered by lofty mountains, and contracted towards the sea, its waters are in general as calm as those of a pond. The length of the harbour does not exceed one verst and a half, and its breadth is about 200 fathoms. The entrance is very deep; yet being confined within high rocks its channel scarcely admits two vessels to sail abreast. Notwithstanding the apparent danger in entering this port, it afforded a salutary refuge to such vessels as were driven by storms against the Crimean peninsula, without being able to double the Cape of the Cher-soessus. As, however, smuggling could not be easily prevented, on account of the confined situation of the harbour, Government was at length induced, in the year 1796, to prohibit all ships whatever from entering it; because the mercenary Greeks readily encouraged illicit traffic, so as continually to expose this neighbourhood to infection from the plague. In consequence of such exclusions, several ship-repairs have already been occasioned. A small rivulet proceeding from Kamara, and another brook arising from the western mountains, discharge themselves into the extremity of the haven.

The old fortress, like all the strong places of the Genoese and Greeks in this peninsula is erected on massive mole rocks, close to the mouth of the harbour, on the adjoining eastern hill. It is fortified with high walls and towers.

The lower view of Balaklava, upon page 468, shows the inside of the port, which is only accessible through a very narrow circuitous channel, in the form of the letter S. The entrance is not seen at a cannon-shot distance, even when in the bay. The port looks like a pool in a little valley, surrounded by high perpendicular cliffs. On the left of a Genoese fortress (three round towers) lies the town—consisting of one street alongside the shore: it is hidden by the shipping (some sixty large vessels) in the port—a two-decker among them. A few houses lie scattered above the hidden street; on the left is the hospital. In the foreground is the road leading to Sebastopol, with carts and waggons drawn by mules or oxen and two camels abreast.

We append the following letters, which give a graphic account of the defences of Balaklava:—

"I arrived at this little village about two hours ago, and found that all the troops were fast getting under arms to repulse an attack of the enemy. The fact is, we have been expecting such an attack for some days past; and, for that reason, Sir Colin Campbell has been lit. commanding the garrison. The latter has been further strengthened by the addition of 5000 Turks, all the English and French cavalry, two additional batteries of artillery, and 600 marines; altogether, the force to protect this place can be little short of 15,000 men. All the heights which command the approach across the valley to the village of Balaklava have been strongly entrenched, and one of the heaviest emplacements mounted in redoubts. The enemy would have to storm and capture nearly forty such earthworks before they would be in a position to attack our infantry on the hills; so that I think we are pretty safe. It is a matter of paramount importance to us, not only that Balaklava itself should be retained, but that our communications with it should be perfectly free and uninterrupted. The knowledge of its importance to us will, of course, induce the enemy to attack it; and I believe we shall yet have a bloody battle at Balaklava. While I write, about 12,000 Russians—half of whom are Cossacks—have advanced into the plain towards our batteries. The Turks have opened their fire from the redoubts; but I am certain there will be no close fighting to-day. When the Russians seriously attack this place, they will do it in the night, when their superior local knowledge will give them advantages in skirmishing with the batteries."—Letter from Balaklava, October 18.

"On Wednesday last, the 18th inst., I had scarcely closed the letter to you with the hurried addition, and taken my *al fresco* abatement, and was preparing to breakfast, when the faithful J— had his ready for us, when our drums beat to arms—the Highland pipes brayed—and all was accoutre and arm. The Russians, in force, were on the plain below—artillery, cavalry, and infantry—in all about 10,000. Their cavalry appeared to be their largest arm. Our own cavalry and horse-artillery, with some Turkish battalions, who are camped in the plain, advanced, when the Russians retired without coming to an action. Our guns opened on them; but they retired, out of range, across a river and up a ravine, and did not return a shot. It is thought that they were a reconnaissance in force by some; others fancy they wanted to relieve the garrison of Sebastopol, but found our position too strong to attack. They do not, since Alma, like "the devils in red." Had we not seen here they might have seriously inconvenienced the army before Sebastopol, by taking them in rear, while the garrison might have made a sortie, and placed the allies between two fires, so, although we have not been ourselves under fire, yet by our presence we have covered the army in the lines. It shows Lord Raglan considers this place of great importance, or he would not have sent Sir Colin Campbell to take the command of this division of the army. We moved off with our second battalion on that morning to the lower part of the heights towards the plain, to keep up a chain of communication with our cavalry and artillery. The Highlanders, one wing between the sea and first battalion, held the extreme right of our position, under the command of Captain Hopkins. McLeux commanded the second battalion, and made us out in front. Captain Timson commanded the left company, No. 8 of the 2nd battalion. We remained on the defensive all day, and saw the Russians light their watch-fires, under the cover of which they must have retired, as the next morning they had gone. This was a ruse to persuade us they intended an attack, and also to harass us, in which they partly succeeded; although many officers retired to their tents, and slept uncommonly well after being under arms all day.

"We saw nothing more of them, except a small picket at a great distance, until Friday afternoon, when they again appeared in great force, and Sir Colin ordered the whole of the division to be on the alert, and sent word by Aslett, our Brigade Major, to Lieut. Colonel Hinde to have two companies on the plain at the left of these lines, and about the centre of the Allied position. Capt. Timpon commanded this force, but the enemy did not come on, although we had two (false, false) alarms. The first was the Turkish advanced batteries firing at—perhaps—Russians. The second was our own people firing with rockets and great guns on—I think, brushwood (it was a very dark night). I had placed my command in such a low position, and kept them so quiet, that when I was visited and asked where my companies were, I pointed to a hollow. I had them lying down in their ranks with arms in their hands, ready capped and loaded, and gave strict injunction not a trigger was to be pulled until I gave them the order, which I did not mean to give until I could see, as the black fellow says, "the whites of their eyes." Being asked what we would do if the Russians came on us before we had time to reload, I replied, "the bayonet," in a laconic manner; and added, I had a great opinion of it in English hands. The men were only lucky their Captain, too happy to think the chance of being the first to meet the enemy. It was a fearfully cold foggy night, and of course we could have no fires, not even our pipes—until the moon got up, when we smoked away, like steam-engines. The men of both companies behaved admirably—quiet, obedient, and steady. I doubt not that, had we had the good fortune to have been attacked, we should have lacked three times our number. My men never imagine I was to be shot, as I tell them, when they come asking me to do this, that, and the other, in case they fall. All my suite, lame and lazy, turned out and fell into the ranks on both occasions—no anxieties are all to have a fight."—Letter from an Officer of the Royal Marines, Oct. 23.





### THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

(Continued from page 489.)

on for four rounds, which went off, amid the applause of numerous spectators. The brave fellow did not hold out to fire a fifth discharge, for a well-directed shell dismounted the gun, which was observed to stand in a singular position, looking up towards the sky. As for the tower itself, it had lost all its regularity and beauty, and was pounded into holes of various sizes, which gave it a strange and ruinous aspect. In about an hour the fire of the Russians had considerably slackened. The frightened gunners might be seen flying from their pieces, and running vigorously away to cover. They were rallied, however, by an officer on horseback, who brought back most of them to their guns, when the fire proceeded on both sides with considerable regularity. The Russian fire, though well directed, made no impression upon our splendidly-built batteries; whilst it was evident that the earth of theirs was rolling away, and flying off in dust-heaps, from the discharge of our heavy guns. The large redan on the left of the tower appeared at first to suffer less from the effects of our fire, and all the guns in her continued for a time to cast upon us every species of projectile. The Garden and Flagstaff batteries were likewise busy, as well as the *Twelve Apostles*, a large three-decker in the Admiralty harbour, and several ships on our right. In a short time one of Lancaster's guns burst in Chapman's battery, and a 64 pounder was dismounted. The latter was immediately placed upon the Lancaster's carriage, and the fire continued. Four men had been hurt by the explosion. Meanwhile the right face of the redan slackened its efforts, being badly damaged by our enfilading fire, and for the rest of the day not more than one gun to the right of the salient

angle was able to hold its ground. The tower on the right had been completely silenced. The batteries at its base continued the fire from a diminished number of embrasures, and the ships in the harbour received several bad hits. There was every promise, therefore, of a speedy advantage to our efforts, when a most untoward circumstance occurred in the French lines. A shell from the Russians entered the magazine of their principal battery, which exploded with a terrific crash, dismounting their guns, and rendering the position untenable. The efforts of the enemy were, therefore, concentrated from that moment upon the English attack, which only succeeded during the day in maintaining the advantages which it had obtained. As if to crown the French misfortune, a second explosion, equally terrific with the first, took place in another of their magazines, and their line was thus completely disabled. This second explosion occurred at noon; but the French had ceased firing at ten o'clock. At one o'clock the Allied fleets, whose large vessels had been slowly creeping up to the town in tow of steamers, opened fire upon the town, which from that moment became enveloped in a dense cloud of vapour. The noise of the united broadsides of the two and three deckers, added to that which previously existed before, was terrific. The flashes of the guns were to be seen in hundreds through the smoke; and defenders, as well as besiegers, were enveloped in one common blaze and smoke. At three o'clock the magazine inside the great Russian redan exploded, with a terrific noise; and at four a second magazine, further in the town, exploded, amidst the hurrahs of the English assembled on the hill. A short time afterwards the Russians returned the shout, when some naval powder-canisters exploded in that part of Chapman's Battery manned by the men of the *Diamond*. Fortunately, no one was hurt. Evening came on, and the

town remained concealed by smoke. The ships withdrew at dark, when the fire ceased on both sides. I must leave for another letter a more detailed account of the effects of the cannonade by the united fleets.

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 23, a.m.

Six days have elapsed since the Allies opened fire on the defences of Sebastopol, and they have succeeded in doing material damage to the works of the enemy. But the grand object in view is as yet not a whit less distant than on the first day. Every evening the fire ceases by mutual consent, and both sides proceed to repair their damages, replenish magazines, and take the necessary repose. Every morning they resume with fresh vigour the business of the day before, and continue at it with untiring perseverance; but progress is very difficult to note on our side; and however severe may be the loss which we inflict on the Russians in destruction of guns and human lives, their stock of both these commodities appears to be in nowise diminished. Our engineers and artillery, by the superiority of their practice, and the excellence of their guns, dismount the pieces in the embrasures of the enemy, kill the gunners at their works, and fancy for a moment that they have silenced a troublesome fire; but no sooner have they turned their attention to other quarters than the active enemy withdraws the damaged instrument and puts in a fresh one, which bursts forth again with renewed vigour. Nor is this all: such is the enormous reserve which the Russians have in hand, that now and then they surprise our officers by opening fire in new places. The first symptom of these novelties is a shot or shell from an unaccustomed direction; looking towards which a thin round curl of smoke is visible, escaping from the interior of the town, and in the midst of houses. The fecundity of



8. "Twelve Apostles" (three-decker.) 9. Barracks. 10. Gordon's Battery, Left Attack. 7. Russian Redan. 5. Fort Constantine. 4. Fort Nicholas. 3. Admiralty Barracks. 2. Fort Paul. 10. Sunk Fort. 0. English Fleet. 1. Circular Tower and Batteries.

SEBASTOPOL DURING THE SIEGE.—GENERAL VIEW.





THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.—WORKING PARTY OF HIGHLANDERS AND SAILORS IN THE 21-GUN BATTERY.

Russian resources is unbounded, whilst those which we possess are by no means so. Under these circumstances, it is difficult for a non-professional person to discover how the work on hand is to be accomplished, unless it be by the speedy use of that favourite instrument, cold steel. The great misfortune hitherto has been, that our allies, the French, were seriously damaged and delayed by the mishaps which befel them on the day of the opening of the fire. Their largest battery was completely destroyed by the explosion of its magazine, which killed or wounded forty-two out of forty-six men who manned it, and overthrew and rendered useless most of the guns. Another of their batteries was seriously hurt by a similar misfortune. But this has not been the only ill-luck of the French: they were pursued by misfortunes for three days; and, on the 18th and 19th, two more explosions were caused by the Russian fire. The works on our side felt

the blow thus given to the French, and the enemy were able to concentrate upon us many of the guns which should have been kept away from us by the fire of our allies. The fleets, in the attack which they made on the 17th, were but partially successful, and did not, I believe, effect any damage in Sebastopol comparable to that which the Russians caused them. Admiral Lyons, in the *Agamemnon*, gallantly opened fire. The *Brenda* had dashing run into sound, and was hulled six times in as many minutes. The *Bellerophon*, the *Arethusa*, the *Sanspareil*, the *Albion*—the leviathans of our navy—went in with the *Agamemnon*; whilst the French, headed by the *Napoleon*, followed our example. But the ships in no case went nearer than 1500 yards to the batteries, and the result was that they did comparatively little damage. How far the Admiral of the Fleet is responsible for the result I know not; but it is more than probable that, had our ships gone closer to Sebastopol, they would have done much

more damage. As it was, they gave Fort Constantine a considerable shaking. They rained their shot and shell all over the town; but they gained no grand nor palpable object; and Sebastopol re-appeared next morning, when it was clear of smoke, just as fresh and white as usual. On the other hand, both the fleets have lain up, repairing the damages caused by the red-hot and chain-shot of the enemy; and it is said that the *Albion* and *Arethusa* are to return to England to refit. The first day's operations against Sebastopol were so far unfortunate; and the loss of 46 killed, and upwards of 250 wounded on board our ships alone, was already a large instalment towards making up a future grand total.

On the 18th the fire of the Russians was totally directed against the English batteries; the few guns which the French were working being

(Continued on page 496)



THE QUARRIES FIELD, HEAD-QUARTERS OF LORD RAGLAN, OFF SEBASTOPOL.



## THE RUSSIAN ATTACK AT BALACLAVA.

The *San. pitionnel* of Monday gives the following account of the attack on Balaklava by General Liprandi on the Allied troops on the heights of Balaklava. The details are apparently derived from official sources:—

A Russian despatch, received a few days ago, announced that, on the 25th and 26th, General Liprandi had two combats with the Allied troops. No details of these two engagements were known. It was not even very certain on what point they took place. Some accounts placed the scene of them at Balaklava; others, at the north of Sebastopol. In the environs of Eupatoria; and, if in the latter place, it became difficult to understand how a French division could have taken part in them. The despatches published by the English Government, and some private letters, have thrown a complete light on the two combats, and described the details which may have been conceived. The Russians, after a tedious success, have lost the last chance of delivering Sebastopol. It is known that the Allied army forms a semicircle round Sebastopol. The French extend from Cape Chersonesus and the sea to the rivulet which flows into the military port of Sebastopol, and the English from that rivulet to the river Tchernaya. At about 2½ leagues from the lines of the French is Balaklava, where the English artillery was disembarked, where the magazines of the Allies are established, and where the latter communicate with the fleet. The protection of Balaklava was confided to 1000 or 1200 marines, supported by a detachment of cavalry and artillery. At two kilometres (1½ mile) above Balaklava, on the road which leads to Sebastopol, and at the point at which a second road leading to Simferopol and into the interior of the Crimea strikes off, we meet the first heights of the Tauric chain. These heights, which dominate on the one hand Balaklava, and on the other the barren steppe in which the Allies are encamped, were defended by redoubts, the guard of which was confided to the Turkish troops. Finally, at the foot of these heights, and in the rear of the batteries, were the corps destined to cover the flanks: for the French, the division of General Borquet supported on the sea; for the English, the division of the Duke of Cambridge; and finally, two brigades of English cavalry, under the orders of Lord Lucan, protecting the Tchernaya.

After receiving General Liprandi's reinforcements, Prince Menschikoff resolved to turn the right of the Allied army, in order to place the besiegers between two fires, and make a bold attack on Balaklava. If this *coup de main* had succeeded, the Allies could only have communicated with the fleet by Cape Chersonesus, would no longer have had an outlet to the sea, and would have been deprived of their magazines; and if they would have been obliged to reply to the fire of Sebastopol, and to defend themselves in their intrenchments. They would, consequently, have become besieged in their turn. General Liprandi, with all the troops which Prince Menschikoff could spare, entered the mountains from which the Tchernaya flows, and which the Allied army had occupied on its turning movement from the Belbeo to Balaklava. He did not appear to have taken with him any artillery, or even cavalry, which explains the rapidity and precision of his operations. He succeeded completely in disguising his march from the Allies, as is proved by the arrival of the English despatch, and the ignorance in which General Canrobert in his report says he was as to the position of the enemy. That, however, need cause no surprise in a mountainous country, cut through by frightful ravines, and covered with forests almost impenetrable, in which, consequently, it is impossible for the cavalry to be on the look-out. All that the Allies could do was to be on the guard in their intrenchments; and that is what they had thrown up so many points of resistance from Tchernaya to Balaklava. The difficulty of the ground appears not to have permitted General Liprandi to execute completely his turning movement. The absence of beaten paths obliged him, to doubt, to take the road from Simferopol to Balaklava; and on the 25th October the Russians appeared on the heights in face of the redoubts of the Allies. Whether the Turks, according to their custom, were not on the guard, or were not in sufficient numbers to defend their lives, is not known; but it is certain that they abandoned their redoubts, after spiking their cannon, threw themselves in complete disorder into the plain, and went to give an alarm to the corps which covered the siege. These corps immediately marched on. The Division of Light Cavalry, under the command of Lord Cardigan, arrived the first, and immediately charged the Russians, who descended in good order into the plain in pursuit of the Turks. In spite of their courage, the three regiments which composed this Brigade vainly endeavoured to check the march of the enemy. The Dragoon Guards went to their aid, and were at first more fortunate; but their ranks were broken by the artillery of the redoubts, of which the Russians had turned the cannon, after unspiking them, against the Allies. In the meantime the British infantry arrived in line. It held firm under the fire of the Russian infantry, and under that of the redoubts, and thus gave time to the Division of General Borquet, the farthest from the scene of action, to come up, and to form. The Allies then took the offensive, and drove back the Russians to the heights. There the latter succeeded in maintaining themselves in possession of two of the redoubts which they had carried. Thus ended the first day, which was extremely sanguinary and undecided.

Of what took place on the following day we have only few details. The bold movement of General Liprandi had partly failed, since Balaklava remained in the power of the Allies, and the latter preserved their communication with the sea; it had partly succeeded, since the Russians were in possession of the sole beaten road, which leads from Balaklava to Sebastopol, and had taken position in the rear of the batteries. Accordingly, on the 26th, Prince Menschikoff made a strong sortie against the English lines, in order to place them between two fires. If he had succeeded in carrying them, and in effecting a junction with General Liprandi, in the midst of the besieging army, the operations of the Allies would have been almost irreparably compromised. But the 26th put an end to the hopes of the Russian Generalissimo. After a very sharp engagement, he was driven back into Sebastopol by the division of General Sir De Lacy Evans, with a loss of more than 1000 men. At the same time the Allies attacked in front the heights occupied by General Liprandi, took the redoubts which the Russians had captured the previous evening, and drove back the latter, completely broken and demoralised, beyond the Tchernaya, in the ravines of the mountains.

The fortunate issue of these two combats appears to us to decide the fate of Sebastopol. The attack of General Liprandi was the last chance which the Russians possessed of compelling the Allies to raise the siege. Unless the Russians receive, which nothing shows to be likely, sufficient reinforcements to give a second battle they cannot renew such a desperate effort, and the siege will henceforth follow its regular course. The result is less doubtful, as, masters of the course of the Tchernaya, the Allies are equally in possession of the great aqueduct parallel to that river, which alone conveys potable water to the military establishments and all the eastern part of Sebastopol. By cutting off the aqueduct, the Allies have been able to reduce the garrison and the provisions to the water in the cisterns. As the rainy season has not yet commenced, almost all the cisterns are empty, and the place consequently suffers frightfully. Some letters even affirm that at the last there was a glass of clear water cost a rouble. Two sanguinary but glorious combats, and crowned with complete success, the destruction of a part of the Russian army, the energetic continuation of the siege, and the exhausting the enemy's resources of all kinds—such is the summary of the last news. We see in it nothing but motives for hope.

## THE RUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

## PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S REPORT OF OCT. 17.

In the night of the 16th, and early this morning, the 17th, the enemy made embarks in his trenches, and at six o'clock this morning he opened a very heavy and uninterrupted fire on our batteries and bastions, which, however, answered him with redoubled activity, and a full measure of success.

About noon, the pieces planted on the kourgane (hill) of Malakoff, were dismounted; but the batteries erected on this side, and all the bastions, have not ceased firing, and, with so much success, that, towards evening, the English had only two pieces left wherewith to continue their fire. The French batteries had been silenced (*étouffées*) much earlier, owing to the explosion of their powder-magazine.

On our side, as far as I can judge before receiving detailed accounts from each bastion and battery, the loss cannot have been numerically considerable. It is great, however, in another respect, for Admiral Korniloff, having been struck by a ball in the leg, soon sank from the effects of the wound. At half past twelve o'clock, while the cannonade was still going on from the trench batteries, the ships of the enemy opened a violent fire, by broadsides, without interruption on the battery No. 10, the Alexander battery, and the Constantine battery; which three replied with the same vivacity. The density of the smoke, during an extraordinary calm and heat, completely obscured the sea, so that it was impossible to make out the injury done to our batteries, or on board of the enemy's ships—the number of which appears to have been fourteen at the commencement of this cannonade. The fire only began to slacken towards nightfall.

Although I have received no data by which to judge of the results of this bombardment, I shall not delay to give an account in all haste to your Imperial Majesty of all that has transpired this day.

During the bombardment I was at Sebastopol, and saw the army. I communicated to it the ineffably gracious expressions contained in the message of your Majesty (which had been brought to me by your aide-de-camp, Albedinsky), and I added that after the bombardment, the army would, perhaps, have to defend Sebastopol from assault in a hand-to-hand combat.

I hope the army will show itself worthy of your Majesty's expectations.

## PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S REPORT OF OCTOBER 18.

The fire of the enemy's batteries and ships, which did not cease yesterday from sunrise to nightfall, and which was surprising, by its massiveness and resonance, did not do so much damage as might have been expected.

The Alexander battery, as likewise the battery No. 10, for which last there was most cause for apprehension, have suffered very slightly. Greater damage was sustained in the Constantine battery.

As for the bastions that were engaged with the trench-batteries of the enemy, the majority of them have not been struck, except the bastion No. 3, the thirty-three guns of which have nearly all of them been dismounted. It is here that we have sustained the heaviest loss in men.

Although I have not yet received lists containing the names of the killed and wounded, from the reports of Generals who have been on the spot it is consoling to see that our loss amounts to barely 500 men disabled.

Among the wounded are Vice-Admiral Nachimoff and the Post Captain, Yergomycheff—but the former very slightly.

As a new bombardment was expected to-day (the 18th), our men worked all night to repair the damage, and all the dismounted guns were again placed in position. The bastion No. 3 was reinforced by the erection of a battery at its side.

To-day the enemy's fire has been entirely directed against the tower of the kourgane (hill) Malakoff, and the batteries raised on that side. The tower has not been seriously damaged, and the batteries have successfully replied.

The fire of the English batteries—far less lively than yesterday, on the whole—has diminished sensibly since noon; probably because Major-General Semakine had gone, by my order, to the heights of Balaklava, and by showing in the rear of the English encampment, had occasioned some disorder there; so much so, that the enemy's army had formed in haste and marched towards Balaklava. By this demonstration of a detached corps, the object in view—that of diverting the enemy from the fortresses—has been attained. The French batteries hardly fired at all to-day against Sebastopol.

The vessels that bombarded yesterday, and which it would seem, were exclusively French, withdrew this morning in the direction of the Chersonesus lighthouse.

Yesterday, by reason of the smoke, and to-day, on account of the morning fog at sea, it has been impossible to make out what injuries the ships have sustained. It seemed as if one ship of the line had its spars broken, and as if two others had been set on fire by our red-hot balls; but this I cannot affirm positively.

## PREPARATIONS AGAINST THE ATTACK.

On the 13th and 14th, 4000 fresh Turkish troops arrived from Stamboul, and proceeded to the right front of the position of Balaklava, where they are making batteries for the defence of that position. It was easy to see that these Turks were from Constantinople, for more than usual care had been bestowed on their outfit. They had all warm winter clothing, and they were, moreover, provided with tents. The troops that accompanied us from Bulgaria are still in their summer dress, have no tents, and are compelled to sleep in the open air. The command of the troops in the position of Balaklava has been given to Sir Colin Campbell. The position is defended by twelve guns in five batteries, by 500 marines, with six guns not in the batteries, the 93rd Highlanders, and Maude's troop of Horse Artillery. Almost the whole of our cavalry (about 4000 men), are camping within the lines of the position of Balaklava; but, considering the broken ground, their usefulness would be very limited in case of a night attack. The prevailing opinion is that the Russian army in our rear is almost certain to attack Balaklava the moment our batteries open fire. But the Russian attack has been announced very frequently, and, now that we have strengthened the position, there is certainly no saying whether or not the enemy will attack us; but, at all events, we are prepared for their coming.—*Letter from Balaklava, Oct. 16.*

## WARNING OF THE RUSSIAN ATTACK.

At Balaklava every preparation has been made to receive an attack from 15,000 Russians in our rear. A Hungarian officer deserted, and informed us of the plot. But when our disturbers arrive in the valley the field-works will astonish them; and should they manage to pass them, the *Agamemnon's* guns will sweep them away by batteries as they draw nigh the harbour; and a goodly supply of balls will be poured in by our 3000 men, supported by some 6000 Turks, who happily landed this morning. The French are also in force close at hand, so we need be under no alarm. Sir Colin Campbell has been sent down to Balaklava, to take command and conduct the defence of the town and harbour, should the Hungarian's tale prove true.—*Letter from Balaklava, October 13.*

## BLOCKADE IN THE BLACK SEA.

The following letter has been sent from the Foreign Office to a City merchant:—

Foreign Office, Nov. 6.  
Sir,—With reference to your letter of the intentions of her Majesty's Government with respect to the blockade of the Russian ports in the Black Sea and Sea of Azof, I am directed by the Earl of Clarendon to state to you that it is the intention of her Majesty's Government to institute a rigorous blockade; but, pending the operations in the Crimea, no distinct assurance can be given as to the period when it will be effective. I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,  
John Johnson, Esq. WODEHOUSE.

## EMIGRATION NOTES AND FIGURES.—1815 TO 1853.

The Report of the Emigration Commissioners, just published, contains, buried amid a mass of matter, some very curious details respecting a movement which, in the last twenty-five years, has become not only one of the most important parts of the Shipping trade, but one of the most remarkable instruments of social change, in Europe, America, and Australia—a movement over which Government and laws appear to have very little control. In 1792 the minister of the parish of Tyrie reported to Sir John Sinclair, then preparing his Statistical Survey of Scotland, that "several of his parishioners, encouraged by people about Glasgow, have emigrated to America, where they have settled, and sent home money to their aged parents. By comparing in their letters their present with their former condition in this country, they have done much to excite others to follow their example;" and he adds "such examples, and some late publications, may do much hurt, unless seasonably prevented."

What the minister of Tyrie wrote in 1792, bankers, manufacturers, and farmers earnestly urge in 1854. They say that this country has need for every man—they pray the emigration should be discouraged. But they may just as well try to regulate the price of corn or the rate of wages, as endeavour to check or guide the tide of emigration which has flowed, ever since it began, into those channels where the best rewards for labour were to be earned.

In 1815 the total emigration from the United Kingdom was, in round numbers, 2000, of which one third proceeded to the United States, and the remainder to the British North American Colonies. In 1825 the total emigration had increased to 14,800; of which 485 proceeded to New South Wales; 114, to other places; and the remainder, to British America and the United States. In 1835 emigration amounted to 44,700. During the intermediate ten years colonising land-owning companies had been formed in Canada and New Brunswick, and agents for the sale of land in the United States had commenced agitation in this country. New South Wales had also a raised sum of money by the sale of land, for paying the passages of labourers; and the labour-demand of that colony was increased by the abolition of transportation. From these combined causes, emigration rose, between 1825 and 1835, from 31,000 to 56,900; and in 1832, under the influence of great distress among the labouring classes in Ireland, to 103,000.

Between 1835 and 1845 the machinery for carrying on and stimulating emigration, had largely increased by the natural operations of commerce. The timber trade with the Canadas, the cotton trade with the United States, afforded means for cheap conveyance; while the progress of canals, railroads, and other public works, carried on by loans obtained in Europe, afforded ample employment for unskilled labour, and, at the same time, opened up new tracts of fertile waste land for colonisation.

The emigration to the North American Colonies reached 54,000, in 1842; but the greater portion of this number merely made New Brunswick their road to the United States: the emigration direct to the States in the same year was 64,000. In the two following years there was a falling off in American emigration, followed by an enormous increase, which will presently be explained.

Between 1837 and 1842, the Australian Colonies and New Zealand became important as Emigration fields. The South Australian and the New Zealand Companies expended large sums in exporting labourers; while sales of land in New South Wales, and especially in the newly-settled district of Port Phillip, attracted emigrants with capital, and paid the passages of the needy. Under these influences, emigration to those South Sea Colonies was 5000 in 1837, 14,000 in 1838, 15,700 in the two following years, 32,600 in 1841; after which—South Australia becoming insolvent, and New Zealand a failure—it dwindled away to 830 in 1845—a year in which emigration to America reached 90,000. Between 1845 and the present time, emigration has taken its largest development: it was, in 1845, 93,500; in 1846, 129,800; in 1847, 218,000; and in 1852, 368,000.

The Irish famine, in 1847-8, raised emigration to the North American Colonies to 109,600, and to the United States to 142,600. Three causes have contributed to stimulate American emigration. The re-emigration to Oregon and California, which left large openings for emigrant labour in the old settled States; the change from sailing to steam-packets, in the Transatlantic voyage, which left the large sailing packets to compete with each other for steerage passengers, and the extension of the remittance system. During the continuance of the Irish famine, persuasion was no longer needed to collect emigrants, the whole country only seemed wanting the means to depart *en masse*. What books, pamphlets, newspaper articles, private canvassing, and public speeches, had failed to do in previous years, the potato rot did; and now the Irishman takes to emigration as naturally as a duck takes to water; nor will the warnings of any hen-like landlord or priest avail to stop his emigrating propensities. Letters, containing not only minute and tempting descriptions of America, but remittances, have been received in every parish in Ireland, and are received every day. Nothing can withstand such arguments.

In 1848 the Irish in the United States remitted, to pay passages of relatives in Ireland, upwards of £400,000; in 1850, 2957,000; in 1852, £1,404,000; in 1853, £1,439,000; besides the amounts sent through private hands and minor mercantile establishments, of which no note could be obtained.

At one period the emigration to British America and the United States was nearly balanced; and in 1847 the emigration to the British Colonial ports was swelled by ships dispatched by Irish and Scotch landlords; but since that period the departures for British America in seven years have fluctuated between thirty and forty thousand per annum; while to the United States direct they have risen from 142,000 to 230,000. Between 1845 and 1853 the South-Sea Colonies emigration, which had fallen to 830 souls, had risen to 61,000; in 1852 it was 88,000.

The increase has arisen from the increased taste of the country for emigration, from the increased pastoral and agricultural resources of Australia, from the operations of the Canterbury Company in New Zealand in 1850, and from the gold discoveries in New South Wales and Victoria in 1851-2. At present emigration



to New Zealand and the minor colonies has almost ceased. It was divided in 1853 as follows:—

|                         |               |
|-------------------------|---------------|
| New South Wales .. ..   | 10,673        |
| Victoria .. ..          | 40,469        |
| South Australia .. ..   | 6,889         |
| Western Australia .. .. | 965           |
| Van Diemen's Land .. .. | 991           |
| New Zealand .. ..       | 1,420         |
| <b>Total</b> .. ..      | <b>61,401</b> |

In the same year, the emigration to the Cape of Good Hope and Natal amounted to 369; and for the Falkland Islands—which have a Governor, a Chaplain, a Magistrate, and other functionaries, costing about £5000 a year, to rule over forty or fifty colonists—just one emigrant embarked.

If we wished to show how powerless written and spoken praise is to colonise a country, we have only to turn to the statistics of Emigration during the last twenty years. During that period the best-abused countries have been New South Wales and the United States of America. The countries about which the most glowing Guides Books have been circulated, and the largest amount of capital invested in promoting emigration, have been Canada, New Brunswick, South Australia, and New Zealand. But it was found that the Canadian and New Brunswick Land Companies could not keep in the colony the labour they had imported in the face of the public works carried on in the United States. But when public works, as at present, are carried on in Canada, the people re-emigrate from the States. At a period when it was the fashion to discourage emigration to the United States in every possible manner, before we discovered that a man in Mississippi Valley was as good a customer, and useful a labourer, as a man in Warwickshire, the people went in shoals, and nothing could stop them. All the elaborate machinery for praising South Australia, after the first insolvency, had no effect, until the Burra Mine was set to work; then emigrants and trade turned to South Australia. About New Zealand as much paper has been printed as would cover all the agricultural land in the Northern island; and every sort of influence—aristocratic, religious, financial, and political—but without effect. People would go to the Australian Colonies, where they could get a living, in spite of warnings and temptations from the New Zealand House. At present, under more favourable auspices, with cheaper land, quiet people emigrate from Australia to New Zealand. In a word, the emigrating public may be deceived once, but not twice. In 1854 mechanics and cottiers know more about the comparative merits of the emigration fields in all parts of the world than Colonial Ministers did in 1844.

The emigration to Australia was less by 26,000 in 1853 than in 1854. This diminution consisted in emigrants who paid their own passages. A reaction set in after the fever of 1852. The high rate of passage in 1854, coupled with the increase of wages in this country, may be expected to cause a further decrease; but then, against these drawbacks must be set the operation of Australian remittances, on the American plan, which are only just now coming into operation on a very extensive scale devised by Mrs. Chisholm.

As a set-off to the attractions which the gold diggings offered in New South Wales and Victoria, South Australia has established steam navigation on the river Murray for nearly two thousand miles; thus rendering available, by water carriage, the produce of a vast tract of country in New South Wales and Victoria, which will be most conveniently shipped from a South Australian port. On the banks of the waters recently navigated one million and a half of sheep graze, besides cattle. Large tracts will be stocked, and thousands of acres cultivated for corn and wine, now that cheap steam navigation has opened a road to a market. Thus a new field has been opened for settlers tired of the gold diggings.

We must note among the emigrants from British ports last year about 30,000 foreigners, chiefly Germans, proceeding to America by British ships. The whole emigration from Germany approaches 300,000 souls. A foreign emigration is also proceeding to Australia, where Germans are successfully established in great numbers. Italians, Hungarians, and Swiss, are also to be found there cultivating the soil: Frenchmen, too, but only as merchants or shopkeepers.

S. S.

### THE RESTORATION OF POLAND.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.)

CARLTON MINIOTT, Oct. 31, 1854.

Sir,—The excellent sentiments enunciated in your valuable Journal of Saturday last, on the restoration of Poland to a place among the nations of Europe, will meet with a warm response in the bosom of every honest man; and I sincerely hope that the editor of every other reputable newspaper will speak out on this important question to the same effect. It is a subject on which you have done the true friends of Constitutional Government must not allow the present era to pass by without accomplishing something worthy of all the bloodshed and treasure expended in the great struggle. Had England and France done their duty in preventing the most infamous partition of Poland by Catherine of Russia, Frederick of Prussia, and Maria Theresa of Austria, in 1772 or the second partition of 1793, the present war could not have been needed for the protection of European freedom. Austria, in 1830-1, an opportunity was afforded us by Heaven to make reparation for our previous neglect of duty; but we wisely allowed the brave defenders of Poland to be cruelly butchered, sent to the mines of Siberia, or forced to wander as poverty-stricken exiles in more favoured lands. It is useless to repine at the past, though the young men of England cannot but look back with healthy sorrow on the political ignorance of their fathers. It is the duty of the present generation, the people in city and village now understand how protection to the liberties of one nationality is essential to the security of those of others. With the domestic affairs of other nations, their forms of government, modes of faith, &c., we have clearly no right to interfere; but when, as in the case of poor Poland, some heartless despots, instead of honestly endeavouring to develop the resources of their own countries, cry *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war, for the acquisition of territory to which they have no more claim than you or I have to a kingdom in the moon; then it is surely both just and politic for the other nations to interfere. Above all, it is necessary that the peoples should speak out, that their respective Governments may know at once what to do. What I now wish to suggest through the medium of your very widely-circulated paper is, that *parish meetings* be held, wherever practical, throughout the realm; and that respectful memorials be laid on the part of the Throne from every nook and corner of this favoured land, earnestly pressing upon our beloved Queen the necessity for the immediate restoration of Poland—both in justice to that suffering country, and as a barrier against Russian aggression; memorials from which the Ministry may see clearly that with nothing less than the restoration of Poland will the people of Britain rest content, nor that glorious and necessary act of justice, they who paid twenty millions of money to strike the manacles from the poor Negroes in their colonies will cheerfully make any sacrifice—looking upon the restoration of Polish nationality as alike necessary to the security of the peace of Europe and the liberty of the world.

Yours, &c.,  
GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

### CHESS.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. T. of Hanworth; M. de R. Paris; J. M. and O. Paris.—We believe there is no flaw in Problem 557. Look at it at intervals once more.  
G. B. F. Dundee. The Variations submitted are now under consideration, and will be reported on in a week or so.  
J. T. L. White M.L.S. and others.—Problem 559 admits of an easy solution in two moves. This is evident, but why have you not sought for the author's solution?  
J. B. of Bristol, or—Not but beneath our ordinary standard.  
G. M. J.—Please to send your hints at all difficult.  
H. E. K. Windsor.—Correct and clever.  
F. H. A. Z. A beautiful and most ingenious little stratagem.  
M. W. H. Quin.—Correct.  
H. V. Preston.—The Game by Correspondence between the Press and Birmingham and Nottingham Clubs shall be examined.  
W. J. W. and H. Ozon.—Assuredly not. He would move his King into check of the adverse Bishop by doing so.  
G. M. J. B.—When a player can advance a Pawn to the 8th sq. he may claim for it any Piece he pleases, without reference to the pieces he has at that time on the board. See Rule 21 of the "Chess-players' Hand-book."  
CABALLEROS, WORCESTER, FOCKERS, D.D.—They are now in the examiner's hands.  
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 557, by J. B. M., Omler, F. R. S., J. W. P., Murphy, S. P., & R. are correct.  
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 558, by E. W. Taylor, Drevon, A. L. M., J. P., Dalston; J. R. M. on; M. L., D. W. F. Omer, A. Z. Socrate, are correct.  
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 559, by J. P. of Dalston, is correct. All others are wrong.

\* \* \* The greater part of our Notices to Correspondents are unavoidably postponed until next week.

#### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 559.

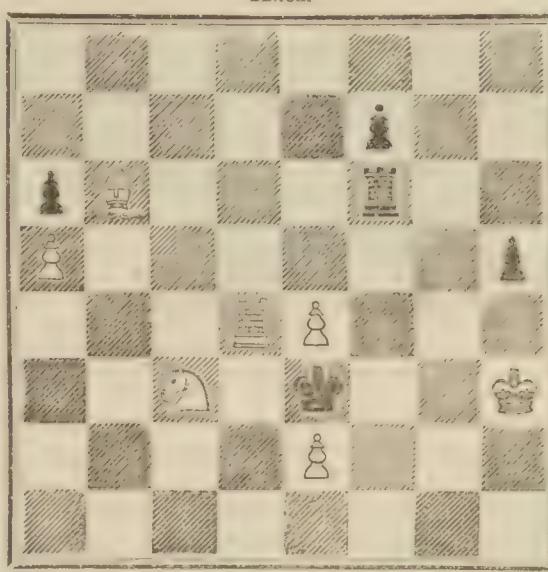
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to Q Kt 6th (ch) K moves (best)  
2. R to K Kt 6th K or B takes one or other Rook  
3. B Mates.

[This is the author's solution; but, to make his Problem perfect, the conditions should have been "White to mate in three moves, *neither more nor less*;" for it admits of an obvious and common-place solution in two moves.]

#### PROBLEM NO. 560.

By Mr. W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

#### CHESS MEETING AT CAISTOR, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

The meeting projected by the Chess Amateurs of Caistor took place, as appointed, on the 26th and 27th ult.; and, although from the circumstance of the Grand Bazaar and Ball at Hull, in aid of the Literary Institution, occurring at the same time, many expected visitors were absent, all things passed off in a manner which must have been highly gratifying to every one concerned. Among the chief amateurs, we noticed Messrs. Staunton, Oldham, and Löwenthal, who came from London expressly to be present, and who added largely to the interest of the gathering by their matches with the leading players of the country. Messrs. Palmer, Newman, Walker, Hoylett, and Middleton, of Hull; Mr. Doughty, from Lincoln; the Rev. H. Maclean, the Rev. J. Pooley, the Rev. S. Parkin, the Rev. J. T. Bell, the Rev. S. Turner, the Rev. H. R. Lloyd, the Rev. G. Overton, Dr. Macintosh; Messrs. Henry, A. B. Skipworth, J. H. Daubney, H. Young, Morris, &c., &c. On this, as on the former occasion, the ladies, of whom there must have been at least five-and-twenty present on each day, formed a prominent and most attractive feature in the assemblage, to which they imparted a grace and vivacity too frequently wanting in meetings of this description. Play commenced about twelve on Wednesday morning, and was kept up on all sides with untiring zeal until late in the evening, when the guests adjourned to partake of an excellent dinner at the Chief Hotel. On the morrow the sports were renewed, and with such spirit and determination that the final checkmate was pronounced only shortly before midnight.

We have been favoured with several excellent games, the fruit of this agreeable little journey, which we intend to live as occasion serves. The following game was played between Mr. STAUNTON, on one side, against Messrs. A. B. SKIPWORTH, F. C. OLDHAM, and other amateurs, in consultation together; Mr. Staunton giving to the Allies the odds of the Pawn and two moves.

(Remove White's K B P from the board.)

| BLACK (Allies).     | WHITE (Mr. S.)   | BLACK (Allies.)      | WHITE (Mr. S.)  |
|---------------------|------------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P to K 4th       | Q Kt to Q B 3rd  | 16. K B to Q 3rd (c) | Q R to K sq     |
| 2. P to Q 4th       | Q Kt to K 4th    | 17. Q Kt to Q B 3rd  | K Kt to K 5th   |
| 3. P to Q 5th       | Q Kt to K 4th    | 18. Q Kt to K 4th    | Q to her sq     |
| 4. P to K 4th       | Q Kt to K 2nd    | 19. P to K 3rd       | K Kt to K 4th   |
| 5. K B to Q 3rd     | P to K 4th       | 20. B to K 4th       | Q to her Kt 3rd |
| 6. B P takes P      | Q Kt takes P     | (d)                  | (ch)            |
| 7. Q to K 5th (ch)  | Q Kt to K 2nd    | 21. Q B to K 3rd     | Kt to Kt (ch)   |
| 8. P to K 5th       | P to K 3rd       | 22. Q takes K        | B to Q 5th      |
| 9. Q to K 2nd       | Q to K 2nd       | 23. Kt to K 5th (c)  | Q R to K 2nd    |
| 10. K R to K 3rd    | K B to K Kt 2nd  | 24. P to K 3rd       | K to Kt 2nd     |
| 11. P to K 6th (a)  | P takes P        | 25. K to R sq (f)    | B takes B       |
| 12. K B to Q Kt 5th | K B to B 1st (b) | 26. K takes B        | Q to h 5th (g)  |
| (ch)                | Q B takes P      | 27. Q to K B sq      | Kt to Q 4th (h) |
| 13. P takes P       | P to K 3rd       | 28. Q to K 3rd       | K R to K B sq   |
| 14. Castles         | P to K 3rd       | 29. P to Q 3rd (i)   | Q to her Kt 3rd |
| 15. K to K sq       | P to K 3rd       | 30. Q takes Kt       |                 |

And the Allies triumphed.

(a) This move, which is a sacrifice, is a very ingenious one. The Allies perceive that if White is not careful, he will lose his King's Pawn. (b) He was compelled to do so, as he had no other move to save his King, or incur a more serious loss. (c) It is a sacrifice, but it is necessary to give the Allies a check, which they would have received from the King's Pawn, had it not been taken. (d) This move is a sacrifice, but it is necessary to give the Allies a check, which they would have received from the King's Pawn, had it not been taken. (e) This move is a sacrifice, but it is necessary to give the Allies a check, which they would have received from the King's Pawn, had it not been taken. (f) This move is a sacrifice, but it is necessary to give the Allies a check, which they would have received from the King's Pawn, had it not been taken. (g) This move is a sacrifice, but it is necessary to give the Allies a check, which they would have received from the King's Pawn, had it not been taken. (h) This move is a sacrifice, but it is necessary to give the Allies a check, which they would have received from the King's Pawn, had it not been taken. (i) This move is a sacrifice, but it is necessary to give the Allies a check, which they would have received from the King's Pawn, had it not been taken.

#### CHESS ENIGMAS.

No. 594.—By C. M. INGLEY, M.A.

White: K at Q Kt 6th, R at K 8th, Kt at K 5th and Q B 2nd, P at Q R 4th.  
Black: K at Q 4th, P at Q 6th and Q R 4th.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

No. 595.—By E. B. C., of Hoboken.

White: K at K R 2nd, Q at Q R 3rd, R at K 3rd and Q Kt 2nd, B at Q B 3rd, Kt at K R 3rd, P at K 3rd, Q at K 4th, and Q R 4th.  
Black: K at K R 2nd, Q at Q R 3rd, R at K 3rd, Kt at K 3rd, B at Q B 3rd, Kt at K R 2nd and Q R 4th, and Q R 4th.  
White to play, and mate in six moves.

### FINE ARTS.

#### NATURE PRINTING.

Messrs. Bradbury and Evans have just produced a collection of interesting specimens of their patent electrotyping process; by which human and other natural objects may be represented with all the exactness of the originals. The present issue of a "A Few Leaves" is a newly-invented process of Nature-Printing, consisting, as the title implies, of botanical subjects—chiefly ferns, and other wild flora—specimens of this kind, and involving every variety of colour and treatment. They are, in all respects, admirably executed, and of a value of great value to the student of botany, to whom the formation of collections of original specimens, though a labour of love, is one sometimes of considerable difficulty. The *modus operandi* of the new process may be briefly described:—The natural object having been laid out and pressed on paper, a cast is taken of it by the agency of electricity, and this forms the printing surface, from which any number of impressions may afterwards be worked. Though not readily applicable to vegetable substances, which are at once capable of being arranged so as to present a surface of low relief, it is equally available, with a little arrangement, to the reproduction of fossils, and other natural objects. Considerable pressure is used in printing, whereby the branches, leaves, &c., are made to stand out in the same relief as the originals, when glued to paper. We look to great and valuable results from the prosecution of this and other novel applications of the art of printing—an art, after all, as yet in its infancy.

#### MR. BARKER'S PICTURES OF NELSON AND WELLINGTON.

The engravings from Mr. Barker's companion picture of "Nelson offering his Last Prayer, just previous to the battle of Trafalgar," and of "Wellington Reading the Despatches from the Seat of War in India," have just been issued. Both are executed in the finest line manner—the Nelson by F. Joubert, the Wellington by F. Bacon. For subject and treatment, the naval subject commands our decided preference. The likeness of the Duke is unmistakably accurate: he is represented as sitting in his study at Apsley House, and discussing the contents of newly-arrived despatches in his usual business-like manner. But all this matter-of-fact reality sinks to nothing when compared with the sublime sentiment embodied in the companion picture, where the great naval hero of an age, tumbles himself upon his knees before his Maker, in the very hour of commencing one of the most brilliant, most arduous, and most conclusive contests ever fought upon the seas. If the contemplation of this incident, and what so nobly followed, do not suffice to stir up the old English blood, even in a Black Sea fleet, we know not what will.

#### MR. J. EVAN THOMAS'S STATUE OF WELLINGTON.

A fine pedestrian statue of the late Duke of Wellington, designed by Mr. J. Evan Thomas, the result of a subscription amongst the wealthy inhabitants of Brecknock, has just been cast in bronze, by Messrs. Robinson and Cotham, at their foundry, Lower Belgrave Place. The figure is colossal in dimensions, in standing eight feet six inches in height; the costume is the military truck-coat, with a cloak loosely thrown over the back; the attitude is very easy and dignified, and the likeness excellent. At the feet of the gallant Duke are the volumes of his celebrated Despatches. This fine work is cast in one piece, and has been admirably turned out.

LESSONS IN ART. By J. D. HARDING. Second Edition. THE GUIDE AND COMPANION TO THE LESSONS IN ART. By the same. Day and Son.

Drawing is now beginning to be recognised as an essential branch of elementary education, and very properly so. It does not of course follow, nor is it intended to be implied, that every one who learns to draw should necessarily become an artist; the notion would be as absurd as to suppose that every one who learned to write should necessarily become an author. The power of representing by lines, and a certain quantity of shade, objects seen by the eye with the same amount of truthfulness as the ideas of the mind may be described by words, is all that is sought in the first instance, the application of the art is a matter for after consideration, which remains to be resolved by the practitioner. Whilst the equipment of a good drawing hand will not be thrown away upon the most unimaginative or unambitious subject, even in the ordinary vocations of life, the want of this instruction has caused many who have, or fancy they possess, a gift for art, to labour in the dark at the outset of their career; to waste a much time and temper, and eventually to throw up their adopted pursuit in disgust. And even those who persevere to the end; who, having acquired some facility in the mixing and spreading of colours, have adopted painting as a profession, how many instances do we meet with of ignorance in the principles of drawing, and weakness in the practice of it, deficiencies utterly precluding them from attaining any position beyond that of mere decorative or furniture-picture producers!

Mr. Harding, one of most accomplished and successful drawing-masters of the day, seems to have justly estimated the difficulties of the matter, and the principles upon which they should be overcome, and has put forward the result in a series of progressive lessons, forming the work first named above; to which he has added the "Guide," or Handbook; which, though chiefly addressed to teachers, is also available to the use of all students of ordinary intelligence.

Aware of the fatal error of attempting to learn to draw by the unaided guidance of the eye—in other words, upon the principle of mere imitation—Mr. Harding commences his course at the very beginning of all art-processes—the preparation of the tools and materials, and the way of handling them. He tells his scholars how to cut their pencils, and file down their chalks, and then how to hold them; the method varying according to the nature and direction of the lines to be traced. Lines straight and curved, and all superficial forms capable of being composed of them, occupy the first twenty-three lessons, forming the first section of study. Then comes instruction in shading, and application in representing solid form; and then, in the following three lessons, come rules in foreshortening and perspective generally, illustrated by numberless examples of geometrical and architectural forms, and articles in domestic use. So confident is the author of the necessity of step-by-step instruction, that he challenges any too ambitious student to attempt copying any one of the drawings in the fourth section when just out of the first, and keeping the result by him, compare it afterwards with his later labours, when he shall have arrived at the identical illustration in due course.

The author's instructions, were particularly those addressed to teachers, are full of sound and practical good sense. One important feature in his method is that he establishes a rule for everything, and obliges the student on examination, to give the reason for the position, direction, length, &c., of every line in his drawing:—

By these means (observes Mr. Harding) the teacher unfailingly observes that his most intelligent pupils are his ablest pupils. By subjecting the pupil to a critical review of his work, he is urged to still greater attention to every lesson whilst engaged in it, knowing that, at its conclusion, nothing will be taken for granted; but that he will be required to give admissible and essential reasons for what he has done; to show that he has worked out principles, and been guided by them, and has not followed his example in ignorance or blind reverence. He must have no hope that, to any question from his teacher, it will be sufficient to answer that he has followed what he saw in his example, unless he can tell the reason for his example being as he found it, and his consequent reason for having followed it.

It appears to us that such a course of catechetical analysis, in a class—every individual in which has drawn the particular object under consideration, no every one of whom is emulous to supply the omissions, and correct the errors of others—must be invaluable.

Upon the whole, Mr. Harding has produced the best-considered, as well as the most intelligible and practical treatise on elementary drawing which has ever come under our notice; and we cordially recommend its general adoption. The engraved examples are admirably executed in wood and lithography; and some of them are after picture architectural remains which adorn our own or foreign lands.

In addition to the two volumes before us, and others in higher branches of art, Mr. Harding has devised a Collection of art-models, which will enable the student to make a first application of what he has learned from surface-teaching to the treatment of actual objects in nature.

THE MOUNTGARRET PEERAGE.—The fight for an Irish Peerage, with £10,000 a year annexed, supposed to have been decided at the last Kilkenny Assizes, will, in all probability, add to the manifest distress of the gentleman of the long robe, be fought over and over again before the winner of the great stake can be suffered to lie down at ease. A conditional order from the new court has been granted. The plaintiff has already assumed the title of Lord Mountgarret.





English Sentry.

English Sentry.

Ruins of Inkerman.

Cossack Field Guns.

River Inkerman.

THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL—VALLEY OF INKERMAN.

## THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

(Continued from page 493.)

insufficient to turn away any important fire from us. Notwithstanding this, our men laboured with great spirit; and, whilst the French were losing another of their magazines by the explosion of a Russian shell, we were performing the same part for the enemy, by blowing up one of its magazines near the circular tower. The Lancaster one-gun battery did not, however, share in the general success. It never succeeded in striking the *Twelve Apostles*, which was the special aim of her fire. Our severest loss during this fatiguing day was that of Colonel Hood, who was killed whilst in the advance of Gordon's battery with a picket of the Guards.

On the 19th the French had so far repaired damage that they opened heavily on the Quarantine Battery, and did serious damage there: their guns were worked by sailors; but, as ill-luck would have it, their magazine was again blown up, and their fire slackened in consequence. They laboured hard, however, in making new approaches nearer to the town than those where they had suffered their losses. Our fire was kept up with such spirit during the day, that that of the Russian slackened considerably. Mortar batteries, which we had set to work were very much the cause of this advantage. At the same time every means were employed to fire the town. Rockets were sent in which caused a considerable smoke, but no general outbreak of flame; and it soon became apparent that all means to destroy the place by fire would be unavailing, so proof were the stone-built houses against burning projectiles.

On the 20th the guns in Gordon's right battery were withdrawn, as it was considered that they were working at too great a distance from the round tower against which they were directed. The Lancaster gun was left to fire at the shipping, which it merely annoyed, without doing serious damage. In the night two guns had been added to Chapman's attack, and increased the fire upon the Garden Battery of the Russians, which was annoying both us and the French considerably. The latter in the meanwhile continued active on their works in advance. The fire was vigorous between us and the enemy, and the redan and earthworks near the tower began to wear a very ragged appearance; but the result of the day was the same as that of the previous ones, and all efforts to fire the town were again unavailing. On the night of the 20th the Russians attempted a diversion, by marching several battalions of infantry, and a quantity of cavalry and guns to the front of Balaklava. The Turks fired several rounds at them from their new redoubts, and Sir Colin Campbell thought it necessary to send for reinforcements. Accordingly, General Goldie's brigade moved out at three in the morning to the front of Balaklava. Lord Lucan's brigade of cavalry struck tents, but the Russians retired without having molested us—content, no doubt, with giving us an alarm. The French continued their works during the night, and on the 21st. But they were hard pressed that day, and their parties suffered so, that General Canrobert wrote to Lord Raglan to request that the British guns should for a time be directed against the right face of the Russian redan, which was causing him serious annoyance. This was done by our guns with great success, and our practice elicited a letter of thanks from the French Commander-in-Chief.

The enemy's magazine in the round tower battery exploded again for the third time. During the previous night a new battery had been erected by the Russians near the ruins of Inkerman. A redoubt was commenced on the right of Sir De Lacy Evans's position to silence it. On the 22nd this was finished, and opening with two 18-pounders, silenced the enemy after he had fired four rounds. In the night a new battery for Lancaster's guns was raised to the right of Gordon's left attack, and about 100 yards nearer the town. At the same time works were commenced to approach Chapman's attack nearer the principal objects against which our fire was specially directed. The efforts made to fire the town were again unavailing, and the only visible damage done the enemy was the blowing up, for the fourth time, of his magazine in his circular fort. We learnt with surprise and concern that, in the night, Lord Dunkellin had been taken prisoner by the enemy. He started in the dark, with a sergeant, to join his picket, and both lost their way. Lord Dunkellin fell into the hands of a Russian party, which he took for our own, and was thus made prisoner. The sergeant who accompanied him escaped.

The following is the Memorandum of Orders issued to general officers on the night previous to the opening of fire:—

Before Sebastopol, Oct. 16, 1854.

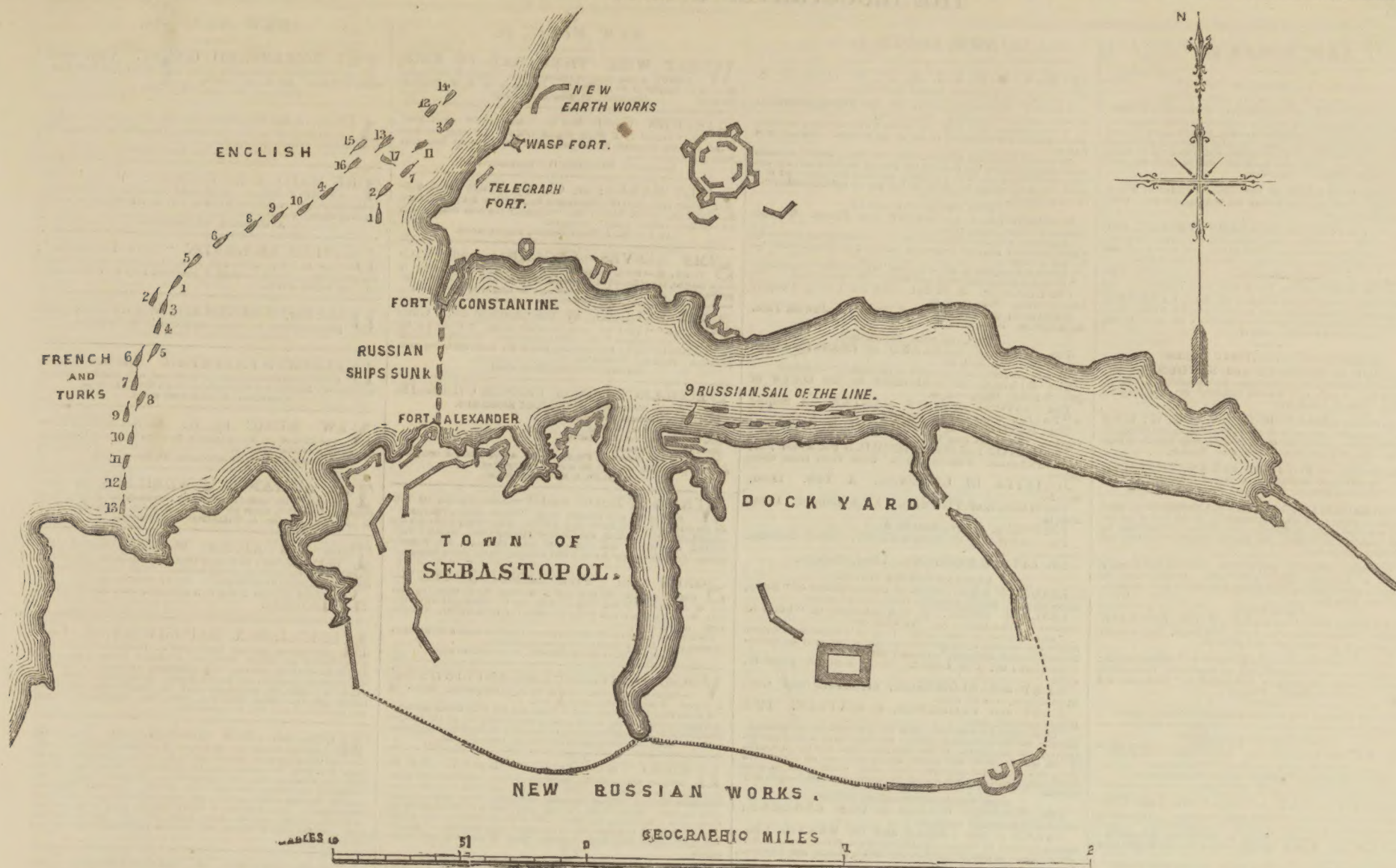
The fire upon Sebastopol will commence to-morrow morning, about half-past six, from the French and English batteries, in co-operation with the combined fleets.

The precise moment of opening the fire, however, will be indicated by the discharge of three mortars from the centre of the works of the French army.



RUINED COTTAGE OFF SEBASTOPOL.





ENGLISH VESSELS.

- 1. Agamemnon.
- 2. Sanspareil.
- 3. Albion.
- 4. Queen.
- 5. Brianna.
- 6. Trafalgar.

- 10. Bellerophon towed by Cyclops.
- 11. Arethusa.
- 12. Samson.
- 13. Firebrand.
- 14. Terrible.

- 7. London.
- 8. Vengeance.
- 9. Rodney.

- 1. Napoleon.
- 2. Henry IV.
- 3. Mahomedieh, Turkish Admiral.
- 4. Valmy.
- 5. Ville de Paris.
- 6. Jupiter.
- 7. Turkish 2-deckers.
- 8. Firebrand.
- 9. Marango.

FRENCH AND TURKISH SHIPS.

- 1. Napoleon.
- 2. Henry IV.
- 3. Mahomedieh, Turkish Admiral.
- 4. Valmy.
- 5. Ville de Paris.
- 6. Jupiter.
- 7. Turkish 2-deckers.
- 8. Firebrand.
- 9. Marango.

- 15. Sphinx.
- 16. Lyax.
- 17. Spitfire.
- 10. Montebello.
- 11. Suffren.

- 12. Jean Bart.
- 13. Charlemagne.

- 14. Bayard towed by O. 6. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 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## VIEWS IN THE CRIMEA.



EUPATORIA.—THE HARBOUR.

## EUPATORIA.

One of the points at which the Allied Expedition landed on the 18th of September, lies on a spit of sand, and for a long time it was imagined that it was defended by heavy works, for the solid stone houses close by the sea-coast were so increased by refraction and lifted up so high, that they looked like forts. Towards the south are innumerable windmills; and several bathing-boxes, gaily painted, along the beach give an air of civilisation to the place. The chapel is a conspicuous object, and boasts a large dome; and two churches rise amid the red-tiled and stuccoed houses, and the minarets of two mosques are seen. Eupatoria covers a large expanse of ground. The country appears generally bare, possessing few trees; but plenty of horned cattle and sheep are upon its surface. Previous to the landing, the inhabitants of Eupatoria were seen consulting together in small

groups about the town, and a great number of them were collected in front of a Government-looking building with a red roof and white columns.

## THE RIVER ALMA.

The Alma is a tortuous little stream, which has worked its way down through a red clay soil, deepening its course as it proceeds seawards, and which drains the steppe-like land on its right bank making at times pools and eddies too deep to be forded, though it can generally be crossed by waders who do not fear to wet their knees.

Along the right or north bank of the Alma are a number of Tartar houses, at times numerous and close enough to form a cluster of habitations deserving the name of a hamlet; at times scattered wide apart amid little vineyards, surrounded by walls of mud and stone of three feet in height. The bridge over which the post road passes from Boul-

janak to Sebastopol runs close to one of these hamlets—a village, in fact, of some fifty houses. This village is approached from the north by a road winding through a plain nearly level till it comes near to the village, where the ground dips, so that at the distance of 300 yards a man on horseback can hardly see the tops of the nearer and more elevated houses, and can only ascertain the position of the stream by the willows and verdure along its banks. At the left or south side of the Alma the ground assumes a very different character—smooth where the bank is deep, and gently elevated where the shelf of the bank occurs, it recedes for a few yards at a moderate height above the stream, pierced here and there by the course of the winter's torrents, so as to form small ravines—commanded, however, by the heights above. A remarkable ridge of mountain, varying in height from 500 to 700 feet, runs along the course of the Alma, on the left and south side, with the course of the stream, and assuming the form of cliffs when close to the sea.



BANKS OF THE ALMA.